

THE CASE OF BLESSED CHRISTINA OF STOMMELN

I.

ALTHOUGH the mystic, Christina of Stommeln, has never been canonized, she was long ago known in her own country as Saint Christina, or Blessed Christina;¹ and in the "*Acta Sanctorum*," the famous Bollandist, Father Daniel Papebroch, printed documents concerning her which fill more than 180 folio pages. Nevertheless his account, largely owing no doubt to the nature of the materials, leaves the patient reader in a state of considerable bewilderment. Somehow one gets the impression that at the close of life Father Papebroch's powers must have begun to fail him.² But in any case there can be no question as to the substantial accuracy of the texts which he has edited, and these bring us face to face with a problem of mystical psychology for which all our hagiographical records scarcely afford a parallel.

Christina was born in 1242 at Stommeln, a hamlet in the Rhineland about a dozen miles from Cologne, and she died in the same place in 1312, at what was then regarded as the ripe old age of three score years and ten. We know nothing about her later life, but she seems to have been held in veneration to the end. Miracles were said to have been worked after her death. Her remains were exhumed a few years later and eventually translated to Jülich not far off, where her shrine is still a centre of popular devotion. She never became a nun or a recluse, and though she was admitted into a community of béguines, she did not reside in any proper béguinage. To a considerable extent she was under

¹ Her cultus was confirmed by Pius X. in 1908 nearly 600 years after her death.

² Echard "*Scriptores O.P.*," vol. I., pp. 407 seq., and Paulson in his essay "*In tertiam partem Libri Juliensis Annotationes*," Göteborg, 1896, have pointed out some of the lapses in Papebroch's text and notes. Paulson of course has had the great advantage of being able to use the Jülich MS. itself, whereas Papebroch had to content himself with a copy which was already fast becoming illegible. But the assigning of Popes Innocent III. and Honorius III. to the 14th century is an astonishing slip on the part of one who was usually so accurate. Moreover, the misprints are very numerous—for example "*probandae sanitatis servitutis*" where we should obviously read "*probandae sanctitatis servitutis*"—and there are half a dozen more on the same page. Paulson's edition in his "*Scriptores latini medii aevi Suecani*" is very valuable but it does not include all the documents which deal with Christina's life. Wollersheim, "*Das Leben der ekstatischen . . . Jungfrau Christina*" was also able to use the Jülich MS. and makes some corrections.

Dominican direction, but there is no evidence which would show her to have been a tertiary of the Order. On the other hand it was a Dominican, one Father Peter of Dacia, her devoted friend and admirer, who collected from different sources all the information we now possess concerning her. Upon this mass of evidence, which, as I conceive, varies greatly in value, a word must be said before we go further. The materials which compose it may conveniently be divided into four categories.

In the first place, then, there is the account of her early life which Christina in 1270 virtually dictated to her parish priest, John (commonly referred to in these documents as John Plebanus¹), at the instance of the Swedish Dominican above mentioned. John took down her story in Latin and we have it apparently just as he wrote it. It is not a long document and it terminates rather abruptly.

Secondly, we have Father Peter's narrative of his own personal relations with Christina, mainly dealing with the years 1267—1269 when he was resident at Cologne, but also embracing a number of letters written by him, as well as his account of four or five interviews with her during the short visits to that city which he paid at a later date. It must not be understood that the good Friar has himself adopted any such classification of the materials as I am making here, but for reasons which will be touched upon later, I consider that what Father Peter relates of his own knowledge is trustworthy, though he has often in his narrative mixed it up with less satisfactory information which came from other sources.

Thirdly, it is needful to take separate account of the period which intervened between Peter's departure from Cologne (1269) and the death in 1277 of John Plebanus. During this time Christina, who, though apparently she could read Latin, had never learned to write, communicated with her Dominican friend by letter, using the parish priest as her amanuensis. As, however, in these letters John not infrequently inserted comments of his own, it is often difficult to determine precisely which of them was responsible for the statements made. In any case the Plebanus, an elderly man who remained Christina's devoted friend down to the time of his death, was a good and conscientious priest. He lived in intimate and almost daily contact with her, he had known

¹ "Plebanus" means parish priest. In the England of that day he would have been called the parson.

her long and acted as her ordinary confessor. We have, therefore, a certain guarantee that any external facts, as distinct from Christina's subjective imaginings, which were reported through him, are fairly reliable.

Lastly, after the death of the Plebanus there comes into prominence another John, who is generally referred to as Magister Johannes, and who was a schoolmaster supporting himself seemingly upon the very small fees he could earn by taking pupils in the little hamlet of Stommel. He aspired to the priesthood but was not yet ordained in 1279. He was therefore presumably a young man, but he became very intimate with Christina, wrote her letters for her, and through his hand there was communicated to Peter, after long delay, a most astounding and extravagant narrative of the mystic's later experiences. Even taking things at their best, it seems to me impossible to believe that this account represents anything more than the strange hallucinations of an hysterical subject who was on the very verge of losing her reason. But it is also conceivable that some of it was pure invention on the part of Johannes, who knew that Peter was above all desirous of learning extraordinary things about his sainted heroine, and that he had been so much impressed by what he had himself seen that he would accept without questioning whatever wonders he might be told of her. There is a great deal of obscurity enveloping all that happened in this later period, and Peter, who died about 1288, seems never to have put into any final order that "*Liber de Virtutibus Sponsæ Christi Christinæ*" which he had originally set out to compile. We have his materials, but not the completed work.

It would be impossible in one article to deal with the whole story; so I propose to confine myself at present to the two first headings indicated above. Naturally we must begin with Christina's own account of her early life, and it is only fair to state that she prefaced it with this appeal to Father Peter for whose benefit it was committed to writing: "I beg of you that what I am about to relate you will never reveal to any man so long as I live."¹ I cannot help suspecting that the reticence which she seems to have manifested at a later date, and for which her Swedish friend tenderly reproached her, may have been due to the fact that she had found him indiscreet in what he said about her to others.

Anyway we learn from her that at 10 years of age our

¹ "*Acta Sanctorum*" (A.A.SS.) June, vol. IV., Antwerp 1707, p. 276 A.

Saviour appeared to her and that she plighted her troth to Him to be His spouse for ever. Soon after, she came in contact with some béguines and set her heart upon being admitted among them. Finding that this purpose was not encouraged at home, she at the age of 13 ran away to Cologne to join them. She seems to have been received by them, though a little unwillingly, and in their company she began to lead a most austere life, starving herself, using shoes without any soles, spending most of the night in prayer, sleeping upon a board, and so forth. Being intensely preoccupied with the thought of our Lord's Passion, she longed to have some token, apparently something impressed on her own person, which would keep Christ's sufferings continually before her mind. She was certainly extravagant in her devotions, and the béguines thought her crazy. When she was 15 the devil, she said, appeared to her under the guise of the Apostle St. Bartholomew, and he suggested that she should kill herself in order that she might quickly get to heaven. For half a year she was haunted by this temptation. She did reopen a vein when she was bled, but then was frightened at the sight of her blackening arm, though up to this she had been persuaded that the impulse to put an end to herself had come from God. For another protracted period she was assailed by doubts about the real presence of our Lord in the Eucharist, and she stayed away from confession for as much as four months together. Then she saw the child Jesus in the Host and this confirmed her faith. On the other hand she saw toads and snakes in the food set before her and she could not eat it. If she attempted to do so she vomited. There were also, she believed, worms in her soup. On one occasion when she wanted to quench her thirst she heard a voice come out of the pitcher—"if you drink me, you will drink the devil." At other times the Host at the elevation appeared to her as a mass of wriggling maggots. She had the greatest difficulty in communicating, partly because the way to the altar rails was barred by flames through which she would have to pass, partly because she was afraid that together with the Blessed Sacrament she would swallow a toad. By this time, it appears, she had returned to Stommel, and no doubt she was in great anguish of mind, for her parents were vexed because she had run away, and her fellow béguines openly ridiculed her fancies.¹

¹ AA.SS. June, vol. IV., pp. 275-278.

Obviously the unconfirmed statements of such a character, however devout, however mortified, however seemingly favoured by God, can carry no conviction; and for the early period of her life until Peter crossed her path, we have nothing but this account which she dictated to John Plebanus.

Some, however, of the diabolical vexations of which she believed herself to have been the victim involved circumstances which must have been facts of public knowledge. If she had been simply romancing her prevarications would have been patent to her good amanuensis, who, of course, knew all that went on in the village. I am inclined, therefore, to believe some of the details in her story, which bear a close analogy to certain well-known poltergeist phenomena. She was beaten, she declared, so furiously by the devil that the sound of the blows could almost be heard in the market-place. The German professor Schuppart, a Lutheran, tells us that his wife during the time of their visitation had an exactly similar experience frequently repeated, and that though the noise was terrific she was very little hurt. Again Christina states—her narrative it should be noticed was taken down by the Plebanus in the third person—

Afterwards the demon would suddenly pull away whatever she [Christina] had under her head as she lay in bed, so that her head bumped on to a box which stood below. Sometimes he got inside the pillow and there made such a disturbance that she could not sleep. Sometimes he put a stone under her head, and lifted the bed-clothes off her, and if she replaced them, he again pulled them away.¹

All these are very common poltergeist phenomena for which many parallels could be quoted that have no religious colouring. In one case we may note that the account makes a direct appeal to the testimony of her neighbours when it states that he (the demon) "tore her feet with his fine claws, so that one day the whole parish crowded there to see the great sore places with their own eyes."

It was at this crisis, when she was 25, that the young Dominican Father, Peter of Dacia,² appeared upon the scene. He was evidently a man of great natural ability. The very

¹ AA.SS. June, vol. IV., p. 278 B.

² Dacia was the name given to the Dominican province which included Sweden, Norway and Denmark. The island of Gothland, his native place, belonged to Sweden.

first paragraph in which he tells his readers that ever since childhood he had longed to be brought in contact with some soul of pre-eminent holiness in order that he himself might catch fire from such a furnace and be lifted out of his tepid and lazy ways, is a passage of real eloquence. No one, I believe, who reads patiently through his statement and the letters of his which we find there and elsewhere, will doubt Peter's absolute sincerity. His talent was clearly recognized by his own superiors. He had been sent to study in Cologne where his confrère, Blessed Albertus Magnus, was lecturing at the time, and afterwards to Paris, whither St. Thomas Aquinas had just returned at the very height of his reputation. Under these teachers it is not surprising that Peter made such progress that he was at once appointed professor (*lector*) at the chief house of studies in his own Scandinavian province, and at a later date became Prior of Visby. M. Renan, who devoted an article in the *Revue des deux Mondes* to the friendship—"a monastic idyll" he calls it—between Peter and Christina, does not for a moment question the good faith of the narrator. "Tout cela," he says, "est d'une naïveté au-dessus du soupçon." "He was credulous," he remarks again, "but honest and affectionate."¹ The same is the impression of the Swedish scholar, Professor J. Paulson, who has made an extraordinarily minute study of all the documents. There is a note of pathos, almost of tragedy, about the whole story. Peter was truly humble in the veneration he felt for this holy soul, in spite of his rather innocent persuasion that his theological studies had equipped him to pronounce upon all the problems of this world and the next. This last is an attitude of mind not altogether unfamiliar among professors even at the present day. Of any sense of humour I cannot find a trace. Peter could weep over himself but never laugh. Still, with all his obvious limitations he lets us see into his soul, and he was emphatically a good man, of a type which was not then uncommon, but which such a writer as Mr. G. G. Coulton persistently leaves out of account in his estimate of the middle ages.

Accident brought him into contact with Christina for the first time on December 20th, 1267. Like good friars, the Dominicans of Cologne in the days of Blessed Albertus Magnus, did not go abroad to pay visits without taking a com-

¹ Renan's article has been reprinted in his "Nouvelles Etudes d'histoire religieuse," pp. 353-396. There is an English translation.

panion with them, and when Father Walter was summoned to Stommeln to visit a sick penitent, Father Peter was chosen to serve him in that capacity. They called upon John the Parish Priest, and in his house they met Christina, who had for the moment taken up her residence there along with John's mother and sister, both of them devout women and her special friends. Christina was then going through one of her periods of tribulation, constantly harassed by what she believed to be a diabolical spirit. As the friars entered the room she rose to greet them, but she was at once hurled backwards by an invisible hand and her head struck against the wall with such violence that the whole house shook. Several people of both sexes were present and there was much agitation among them, for they were aware that other outrages would probably follow. Christina conversed apart with Father Walter, who had been her confessor, and on seven occasions during their conversation she was thrown noisily against one or other piece of furniture. She bore it all with great patience, Peter tells us, but later she perceptibly winced and gave a low cry. When asked what was the trouble, she replied that she had been hurt in both feet. On examining them it was found that they were bleeding from wounds newly made. Four times over this experience was renewed, and Peter, who seems at first from motives of delicacy to have remained where he was seated, could restrain his curiosity no longer. Pushing forward to look, he perceived four freshly bleeding wounds on the upper surface of one foot and three on the other. When, a little later on in the same afternoon, he again saw the feet, wounds were visible which had not been there the first time. He also noted that there was a perceptible interval between the infliction of the wound and the effusion of blood.

The two friars stayed the night in the house and Peter joined a little company of seven people who had decided to sit up with the sufferer, anticipating further developments. He had a private and very pious conversation with her and narrated some edifying stories for the benefit of all present, though he says that being a Swede he was not very familiar with their dialect, presumably the Low German. After an interval of silence, Christina lying in her bed again showed signs of pain, and being asked what had happened, she told them that she had been wounded near the knee, and putting her hand under the bed-clothes, she brought out and gave

to Peter a nail covered with blood. It was now midnight and Peter withdrew to rouse his companion in order to say Matins with him according to the custom of the Order. Before they had finished they heard a commotion, and both of them, suspending their prayers, went at once to the sufferer. They found her in very bad case—almost fainting, Peter says. She produced another nail, apparently twisted and with bleeding flesh adhering to it, which she put into the hand of Father Walter. Peter was enormously impressed, and managed to secure both nails, which he kept and venerated ever afterwards with feelings of intense devotion.¹

Frankly, there is nothing in all this which might not have been engineered by an hysterical subject who had secreted a couple of nails about her person, and was consciously or subconsciously bent on producing a sensation. It is true that according to Peter's statement the nails were burning with a heat which could not have resulted merely from contact with a human body, but this is a point about which a shivering witness in the depth of winter might easily be mistaken.

On his next visit, Feb. 24, 1268, the good Dominican saw Christina in ecstasy, a condition to which she was reduced by someone in her presence singing the "*Jesu dulcis memoria*." Peter was prodigiously impressed by her cataleptic rigidity in which no sign could be detected that she even drew breath. The ecstasy lasted four hours, and she only recovered very gradually. When she was able to answer his questions about her experiences since Christmas, she told him that by the devil's agency a toad had climbed to her bosom and had clung there for eight days, fixing its claws in her flesh, in spite of all her efforts to dislodge it.² A third visit followed on March 24th. She was again rapt out of herself, though not so completely as before, and in this temporary alienation Peter had an opportunity of examining the palm of her left hand—he had previously heard of the marvel—and there saw a red cross formed perfectly on the surface of the flesh and adorned with flowers and sprays. He and his companion also learnt that, two months before, the devil had stolen her Prayer

¹ AA.SS., June, IV., pp. 280-282. I give references to the Bollandist Text as being more generally accessible than the critical edition of Paulson.

² It seems worth while to reproduce the actual words: "*Post hoc probavi quod paulatim per membra mea scandebat (bufo), et ultimo se in pectore meo collocabat: erat autem adeo magnus, quod fere totum pectus meum cooperiebat: adeo etiam fortiter unguis suos carni mee impressit quod gravia vulnera post se reliquit. Sic ibidem, quocunque ibam, per omnes octo dies remansit, sive ecclesiam frequentarem, sive aliud quid facerem.*" AA.SS., June, IV., p. 283 D.

Book, which she had never since been able to find. On Holy Saturday of the same year Peter went again, and the next day contrived, but not with her connivance, to have a clear view of her stigmata which the mother of the Plebanus had told him about. These were fresh wounds, quite different from the above-mentioned cross in the left hand, and they showed on the backs of the hands as well as in the palms. Her face also was swollen and disfigured on the Saturday, somewhat as our Saviour's must have been during His passion, and before this she had even suffered a sweat of blood. Of this, of course, Peter had not been a witness, but it was reported to him by the Plebanus's sister and by others who had seen unmistakable traces of it.¹

Of the reality of the stigmata there cannot, I think, be a shadow of doubt. Unlike the cross in the palm of her left hand, which seems to have been relatively permanent, the wound-marks only appeared just before Good Friday, but remained visible for some eight days afterwards.² Peter describes how in the house of the Plebanus he sat at table with her daily for a week and was able to note by stealth that the marks were gradually contracting and disappearing. M. Renan fully admits the facts, and he points out that "Christina usually concealed her stigmata and expressed annoyance when they were spoken of." With her little group of friends, of whom Hilla vom Berge was the most devoted, Peter freely discussed the subject. They had all seen them many times, a privilege shared by the Dominicans who came with him to visit her. In the Holy Week of the following year (1269) Peter had an opportunity of examining her feet. He himself, Brother John Muffendorf and the Plebanus went to visit her about 9 o'clock on the morning of Good Friday. She lay in ecstasy completely insensible to outward things and so wrapped in her cloak that hands and feet were hidden from view. The two Dominicans, however, prevailed upon the elderly Plebanus to touch the sole of her foot with his fingers, and he brought them out wet with blood. Thereupon they called in Hilla vom Berge and with much difficulty persuaded her to uncover the feet so that all could see them. There were four broad trickles of blood flowing from a wound in the instep, not towards the toes, but laterally across the foot. She was for a time unable to walk, and when she went to the

¹ AA.SS., *ubi supra*, pp. 285-286.

² *Ib.*: pp. 297-298.

church to communicate on Easter Sunday her father had to send one of his horses to take her there. At a later hour on Good Friday, while she still remained insensible, they were able to push back her veil and saw blood running from her forehead, and the maidens who tended her reported some days after that her inner garment had a large patch of blood in the region of the heart. These stigmata seem to have been renewed annually just before Easter, at least down to the year 1286, and there are several references to them in the letters written to Father Peter after his departure.

A rather remarkable incident, of which Peter again was an eyewitness together with the Plebanus, occurred on the afternoon of Whit-Sunday, 1268. Christina had communicated in the morning, and, as frequently happened to her on such occasions, she remained afterwards for many hours motionless in ecstasy occupying her usual place in the parish church, an out-of-the-way spot behind the altar under the east wall.¹ Close beside her were sitting John Plebanus, Peter, and his companion Father Gerard, engaged in saying compline together, when suddenly something flew over the altar from the nave of the church, struck the east wall and dropped at their feet. They were so startled that they interrupted their office, and on picking up what had fallen, they found it was Christina's Prayer Book, lost—or, as she said, stolen by the devil—three months before. It was in a little bag, now filthy and foul-smelling, as if it had lain in a sewer, but the book itself was uninjured. The people present in the nave of the church, whom they afterwards questioned, declared that they had watched it flying through the air, coming they knew not how from the west door. The evidence that this had taken place supernaturally is certainly not conclusive, but the incident bears a curious resemblance to similar happenings which are of constant occurrence in connection with the poltergeist phenomena, notably in the recent case of Eleonore Zügun or that of Commander Kogelnik's Hannie.

But the most striking and also the best attested of all the astounding manifestations of which Peter of Dacia was personally a witness, took place in the winter of 1268—1269. During that period the demon, or poltergeist, or whatever we

¹ Peter describes her attitude, half sitting, half prostrate—"hunkering" as country people used to say—her face covered by her veil, her hands hidden beneath her cape. AA.SS. June, IV., p. 287 DE and 288.

should call him, made his power manifest by bespattering Christina, her clothes, her room and those who visited her, again and again with indescribable filth. The details are quite unquotable, but Peter does not spare his readers, and he is almost aggravatingly precise as to times, people, places, and the nature of the outrage. He was not only an eyewitness and a sufferer himself, but four of his Dominican brethren on different occasions shared his experiences. Moreover, the sister of the parish priest, her brother the Plebanus, the neighbours, and a band of pious women were in daily contact with this terrible visitation, which lasted for weeks together. If Peter has lied, he has lied on a colossal scale, and no conceivable plea of malobservation, or expectant attention or hallucination can avail to vindicate his good faith. Yet that good faith is warmly championed not only by Father Papebroch and other Catholic critics, but by Ernest Renan and the Swedish professor Paulson. On the occasion of most of these assaults, though many of them took place at night, the light was quite good, and the observers' other senses as well as their eyes, bore unmistakable witness to what had happened.

The first outrage of the kind which Peter saw was directed against a Benedictine monk, just outside the room in which Christina was lying. Neither then nor at any other time was a natural explanation possible. The whole company were inside the house. The filth came from empty space. They saw nothing of its passage through the air. But there it suddenly was, besmirching and polluting what a moment before had been free from offence. The Swedish Dominican with his companions spent on one occasion three consecutive nights in the house. He declares that on each of these nights Christina was subjected to this horrible vexation as many as twenty separate times. Her own person was the principal object of attack, but when other people offended the unseen assailant they were often singled out for vindictive retaliation. For example, against Christina's advice, the Dominican Father Wipert insisted on repeating a form of exorcism in the hope of putting the evil spirit to flight. The words of adjuration had not been completed when a violent explosion was heard in the room and the light was extinguished. Moreover, when Father Wipert rose in terror to make his escape he was covered from head to foot with such a deluge of filth that he broke out into piteous lamentations and declared

that the devil had blinded him. This took place in the presence of Peter and the Plebanus. On another occasion Father Gerard de Grifon, who had come as Peter's companion, facetiously greeted the spirit by saying, "Please, Mr. Demon, don't bespatter me, for I am a good friend of yours"; but he gained nothing by his pretended politeness. Outside Christina's room, a little later on when standing amid a group of visitors, Gerard was completely drenched with some foul liquid which ruined the new habit which he was that day wearing for the first time. At this visit Peter tells us that Gerard was four times subjected to the same indignity, and he himself thrice. In the end they had not a shred of clothing left which they could wear with any decency. On one occasion we learn that the same outrage took place in the parish church, though here, strangely enough, Christina herself was spared, while the people all around her were shockingly besmirched. Not the least curious feature in the case was that after a whole night of such visitations those who in the morning approached the bed in which Christina was lying would sometimes find it redolent with the most fragrant perfume, and the same was often observed in her ecstasies after Communion.¹

Two other facts call for brief notice as belonging to the period of Peter's residence at Cologne. On Monday, July 23, 1268, he was at Stommel in company with Father Aldobrandini, a Dominican of the Roman province. They were holding a disputation in the presence of the Lady Geva, Abbess of St. Cecilia, and a group of other auditors. John Plebanus was present, when suddenly a girl came in great haste to summon him away. They thought at first that it was a sick call, but it turned out that Christina had been found in the mud of a disused reservoir, buried up to the chin and apparently in imminent danger of suffocation. John begged the Dominican to come with him and with considerable difficulty they succeeded in rescuing her. She was insensible and had to be carried back to bed. The only explanation she was afterwards able to give was that when she was in her room some sort of sinister cloud had settled down upon her, after which she remembered no more. It was assumed by her and by her friends that the devil had carried her off and attempted to drown her.²

¹ See for all this the AA.SS., *ubi supra*, pp. 291-296.

² AA.SS., June, IV., p. 289 BC.

The other incident belongs to the week before Christmas of the same year. For six nights together, Peter informs us, Christina was tormented by the devil with "burning stones" (*lapidibus ignitis*). One such stone as big as a man's fist was pressed into her left side, while Peter watched beside her bed, and it was as immovable as if it had grown there. It appears that her friends who were present were able to touch it (*omnibus qui aderant lapidem tangentibus*) but could not move it, until "the devil after a long delay took it out of the hands of all of them, and pressed it against her flesh above her right shoulder," where it remained until the hour of cock-crow. All this sounds very puzzling, for it would seem that it was for her only that the stone was on fire, otherwise one does not understand how the others were able to handle it. However, when on Christmas eve, Christina, assisted by her women friends, was at last able to take a much-needed bath, they reported that "they found several wounds in her body caused by the burning of the stones" (*in corpore suo plurima vulnera invenerunt facta per lapidum combustionem*), some of them so deep that you could have hidden a plum in them, but that by God's goodness all these wounds had already healed up without human aid of any sort.¹

All this invites comment, but it will be best to defer anything in the nature of criticism until the second part of Christina's story is before us.

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¹ AA.SS. June, IV., 295-296. To a mediæval writer the word "plum" (*prunum*) probably suggested something smaller than we should infer from it nowadays. We must think of a damson or even a sloe.

THE ROMANCE OF GREGORIAN MUSIC

BECAUSE it is ordered by the Church to be sung, because it provides opportunities for the congregation to take an audible part in the service, because it supplies no pleasant titbits for soloists and others who wish to exploit their voices and singing ability, the ordinary choir-singer is apt to dislike the old music of the Church, that which we call "Gregorian" or "Plain Chant." He does not understand it and consequently he often sings it badly. Congregations, who know even less about it than do choirs, therefore imagine it to be out-of-date, difficult to sing and withal ugly, or at least without any definite beauty. Yet in spite of this it is not only sung in more places in the world than any other music, but it has been and still is the greatest source of inspiration for great and small composers, and many people hear it and sing it with delight without knowing that what they hear or sing is that which so many people profess to dislike or of which they are so much afraid.

Yes, that is it; they are afraid of it, afraid of the idea of an official musical setting of the liturgy, afraid of an art-form which dates back for so many centuries. And that fear arises from the same cause as the fear of many other things; it is a fear of the unknown. Few except studied musicians know what an immense quantity of beautiful music there is in the official melodies of the Church, or how wonderful a romance lies in the story of their collection and of the organization of the system which made them possible. It is a romance which is infused through and through with the love of God and of His creatures, of His Bride and Daughter Holy Church, of Art and of Mankind. It is a romance that has given rise to many stories, most of them hidden away in the covers of dry treatises on history, but all worthy of a place in the anthology of the world's great stories. Greatest of all, however, is the outline of the whole narrative, for it embraces the history of the Church throughout the greater part of the nineteen centuries of her existence.

When St. Gregory was a young man there were a number of "uses" or manners of singing the liturgy, and there was a large amount of discussion as to how each part of the Mass

should be sung, as to who should sing certain parts, and whether they should be sung as solos, as choruses by the trained singers or by the whole of the assembled faithful. Most of this discussion was of a purely theoretical character and did little good even when it did little or no harm. What was wanted was a practical organizer who was also a musician of wide experience with a knowledge of the music of the Church in all parts. Gregory was not yet the latter, though he showed himself a capable organizer quite early in life. Although he was a member of a good Catholic family which had already provided one Pope, Felix III., and a number of other ecclesiastics, and from his earliest days was "inspired in all things by the love of God," there was no suggestion that he should become a priest, and he entered civic life, filling various offices, among them the important one of Prefect or Mayor of Rome, until he was about thirty years old.

Music was one of the "Seven Arts" to which a liberal education at that period devoted considerable attention. The principal text book for young students was one prepared by Marcus Aurelius Cassiodorus, a famous teacher and founder of schools after the invasion and the destruction of the old Pagan schools by the Goths and Vandals. One important section of this book sets out the principles on which the study of music should be based. This would be the chief book studied by the young Gregory, and this musical section was based on the works of the authors who were then the great masters of the subject, on Alypius, Euclid, Ptolemy, a certain Albinus (who was a rich patron of the theatres and who wrote a treatise of music founded on his own experience), and Censorinus, who wrote a work, *De accentibus*, that is of the accent as it related to both words and music. It is even possible that Gregory was a personal pupil of Cassiodorus, who was still living and had become a monk in his old age.

It is even still more likely that Gregory, after the death of his father, was initiated into the monastic life by Cassiodorus, for we know that the older man was abbot of one of the monasteries which Gregory founded and that Gregory wrote a biography of him later. The story of how these monasteries were founded is the same as that of the foundation of many others in those days. After his father had died and left him a large fortune Gregory devoted all this wealth to founding religious houses for both men and women, even adapting the family home to this purpose. He himself did not at once

go into Holy Orders, for it was not the custom of all monks, even of the highest ranks, to do so. He did, however, follow strictly the Benedictine rule and not very long afterwards was elected abbot of one of the houses.

From the days of St. Benedict himself music has always been held in honour among his followers, and as abbot Gregory would be responsible for the selection and performance of antiphons and other details of the Proper of the Mass and Offices, the short passages from the Psalms which vary from day to day according to the celebration being observed. At that time he would select and even write words and music in the form of metrical hymns, such as have lasted to the present time in the *Vexilla Regis*, and perhaps some others and the office hymns which we sing at Vespers. He would also be personally responsible for teaching the choir boys, for which purpose he would, following the rule of the Founder, have a cane to be used "more often for threatening offenders than for punishing them."

As he found the supervision of a single monastery somewhat narrowing for his great powers Gregory applied to the Pope for more active work and was consequently made one of the seven Pontifical Deacons, in which position he had the oversight of all the other deacons in his district. At that time deacons entered more fully into parochial life than they do to-day, and each church had at least one deacon who acted as Master of Ceremonies or Sacristan and was responsible for seeing that the choir started singing at the proper time and that it sang the words and music appointed. In the bigger churches the rules were often very elaborate, so that Gregory gained a very wide and useful experience that was to serve him well when he came into greater authority.

A still more valuable opportunity of learning about the music of the Church in different lands was yet to come to him. He was sent by the Pope to the great city of Byzantium, the new Rome as it called itself, as Nuntius or Papal Legate. The Emperor Justinian I., who had died shortly before this, had, among the reforms which he had made and which have ever since been the basis of the law in many Continental countries, brought into force several relating to music both in the theatres and the churches. Although, as a French writer on the subject says, "everything suggests that Byzantium possessed a very luxurious style of music," one rule made by the Emperor was that the singers in the ecclesiastical *Scola Can-*

torum must not sing in the theatres; their style must be kept pure and free from any possibility of debasement. This was a system that impressed Gregory very deeply, and later, when he returned to Rome, he adapted it to the schools of Church music which he founded.

In Byzantium (the city which, very much altered and extended, we now know as Constantinople) Gregory shared a house with a Greek Prelate name Eulogios and the Spanish Ambassador, a priest named Leander. The three (all of whom after their deaths were canonized) became great friends, and as all found one of their chief relaxations in the study of music, long and lively were the discussions they had as to how it was actually performed in their respective countries. The Spaniards were always very jealous of the right to retain the old music of their own country and tradition, and several centuries after this the differences between those who wished to have Gregorian music and those who preferred to keep Spanish chant led to fierce arguments and, on several occasions in the city of Toledo, to actual fighting.

Here, however, right away from the lands which wished to gain or maintain a certain supremacy, the discussions were as amicable as they were ardent. Gregory was particularly eager to hear and note down what he could of the music of east and west, and it would seem that already he had in his mind the idea not only of reforming the music of the Church in his own land and in the great Papal Churches, but also of putting it on such a basis as would serve for an absolute model for the world. It was not yet the time for complete unification. The wisdom of the future Pope in getting to know as much as possible about the music of other parts is seen in the subsequent results. Leander was one of the finest musicians of his day and the melodies he himself composed were long famous for their extreme beauty. The traditional music to which he was accustomed in Spain, and which later, probably also as a result of his association with Gregory and Eulogios, he re-organized in such a manner that it has continued in much the same state until to-day, was made up of traditions which had come down from the Visigoths, who were some of the earliest ancestors of the Spaniards, and who, on their conversion in the fifth century, adopted the Latin dialect of the country. Some of the methods, and possibly some of the actual melodies so learnt by Leander, were incorporated in the system we now know as Gregorian.

When Eulogios was appointed Patriarch of Alexandria and Leander Archbishop of Seville the three friends had to separate, though they never ceased to keep in touch with each other. Gregory went back to Rome as Archdeacon of the city and five years later became Pope. He soon began to put down with a strong hand the abuses he discovered, among them being that of allowing deacons, "whose office calls them to the work of preaching and the care of the alms," who happened to have good voices to devote themselves to the music. Gregory ordered that the music should be sung "by the subdeacons, or, if necessity demand, by a clerk in minor orders." He made rules calculated to restrain the personal vanity of the singers, and he engaged in correspondence with his critics who asserted that he wished to bring into use in Rome the music of Constantinople. His aim, he said, was not to introduce the music of the Greeks but to restore and develop the Roman use. He wrote a number of treatises on the subject, the first of which he dedicated to his friend Leander. It is interesting to know that Gregory was the first to order the singing of the so-called "ninefold Kyrie," that is, as we sing it to-day, three times "Kyrie eleison," three times "Christe eleison," and again three times "Kyrie eleison," which it is quite possible was one of the things he brought from Byzantium.

Gregory was not only a very saintly man, a great ecclesiastic and a talented musician, but, like all really great reformers, he was what to-day we should call a good business man. When, therefore, it came to a question of putting into force the new rules he had made, he did not suddenly thrust them before those to whom they applied but tactfully drew their attention by applying them principally in places where there was as yet no Christian psalmody. He was at that time arranging to carry out his long-cherished scheme of sending a mission to Britain. What better opportunity could he have of making sure that at least in one country the music of the Church would from the first follow the principles on which he had built his system? The first training of experts, among whom probably was the future St. Augustine of Canterbury, was, of course, put into the hands of the *Scola Cantorum*, the body of singers in Rome charged with the general conduct of the music in the Papal churches, which already had in its safe keeping the traditions upon which the new system was based. Augustine and his fellow-monks brought

with them, therefore, not only the new books, but the ability to use them, and when they "entered Canterbury bearing before them a silver cross with a picture of Christ, and singing in concert the strains of the litany of their Church," it is probable that "Gregorian Music" was heard in its full and pure form for the first time outside the churches in Rome under the direct personal supervision of the Pope.

It was nearly a century and a half before such music was definitely introduced into any other country. At that time two bishops, Remigius of Rouen and Chrodegang of Metz, being struck with the lack of uniformity in the externals of worship in France, made application, each separately, for someone from the *Scola Cantorum* to teach their clergy the rite and chant as practised in Rome. Shortly afterwards the Pope, Stephen the Second, paid a visit to Rouen for political reasons, and his visit served to confirm the bishops in their action. From France the system was taken into Middle Europe by no less a person than the Emperor Charlemagne. In these countries it made more rapid progress than in Italy itself or in Spain, and at Milan and Toledo there have always remained details of the older rites and systems of chanting. In Spain, as in the German states, it was the secular authority, headed by King Alphonso VI., which endeavoured to introduce Gregorian music, in which it was opposed by bishops and clergy, as well as by many of the laity. After one long dispute carried on in public, two champions were named, one representing the Gregorian, or, as it was called by the Spaniards, the Gallican system, and the other the local or Mozarabic system. The former was beaten, but as this did not suit the king he decided that "a judicial duel does not constitute a law." He managed to get the new system installed in many places, but was forced to allow the six great churches of Toledo to continue in their old methods.

All the other arguments and discussions to which during more than a thousand years it has given rise, how careless and vain singers have supplanted it by meretricious and unchurchly music, how Pope after Pope has insisted upon its principles being carried out, how the weaker among the clergy have given way to the demands of their choirs and congregations for something less austere and more "pleasing" or have themselves been the leaders of such demands, how it has been the subject to which learned societies have devoted their whole energies, how all the greatest musicians, not only

Catholic but also Protestant, have made use of its melodies to build up the finest of both sacred and secular works,—all this is a romantic history that could only be told in its fullness in many volumes. Like a silver thread the "plain chant" of the Church, placed on a firm basis by the efforts of the glorious St. Gregory, has held together all that is best in the music not only of Christendom but of all that great civilization which has during the centuries hung round the Church. To-day it is being more and more honoured and employed in our churches, though there are still far too many who in their intellectual and artistic arrogance refuse to see its beauty and power of expression and to obey the injunctions of Holy Church. They might take a lesson from some who are not Catholics but who yet recognize it as the source of the great stream of religious music and drink deep of its waters. "One cannot impose on a little chapel in the country or on the Esquimaux of the missions to Alaska the repertory of the Sistine Chapel," a distinguished writer on the subject has said, "but one can provide all with a system that is as pure and as elevated, a chant which is adequate for the liturgy, born with her, prescribed with her, carrying as she does our souls by a single mode towards the Divine Ideal!" It is a great romance, an incomparably worthy one, and one in which every single individual among us may have a part.

HERBERT ANTCLIFFE.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE CENTRUM¹

LET me begin by stating that the German Centre Party is not formally or actually a Catholic Party; it stands within the framework of the German constitution, which does not admit of parties formed on a purely "confessional" basis. However, it is the party to which by tradition, by Church loyalty, and, generally speaking, by political expediency, German Catholics habitually belong. Notwithstanding its formation in the early sixties before the German Empire arose, its main character was derived from its struggle with Bismarck during that attempt at State-supremacy over religion known as "Kulturkampf." Then it became, as it has since remained, the champion of religious liberty, and, as it was mainly Catholic liberty that was assailed, it represented under a number of brilliant leaders—Windthorst, Malinkrodt, the brothers Reichensperger, and others—the interests, civil and religious, of the Catholic citizen. When the "Kulturkampf" was over, and the Church ceased to be assailed as a foreign body in the State, the Centrum showed itself ready to work in a positive fashion for the general good, with excellent effect. The history of the social work of Bishop von Ketteler shows that German Catholics were the first to demand the active intervention of the State to protect the working-classes, in the rapid development of private industrialism which marked that epoch. Even before the religious conflict was over, in 1877, the Centre Party in conformity with Ketteler's ideas presented to the Reichstag the first Bill concerned with social legislation. Subsequently, Hitze was the protagonist of industrial regulation on a large scale, and the whole activities of the Centrum before the war were directed to the Christianization of social and industrial life. It was for that that Windthorst laboured, but just because Catholics, like others, have different ideas as to the way in which Christian principles should be applied in detail, ideas dictated by their personal status and aims, even then when the Centrum had proved its strength by defeating Bismarck, divergent tendencies began to develop themselves amongst German Catholics. Some considered the political attitude of the Centrum to be too liberal, too oblivious of

¹ Substance of a lecture delivered by Prof. Dr. Th. Brauer at the annual C.S.G. Summer School, August, 1928.

Catholic tradition:—similar objections, it may be noted, to those which the Christian Trade Unions had to encounter. Moreover, as belonging to the Right or Government side, the Centrum was charged with defending Government measures irrespective of their Catholic aspect. And when, in 1907, Julius Bachem, editor of the powerful Centre organ, the *Kölnische Volks-Zeitung*, with his famous counsel—"we must leave the Tower," *i.e.*, come more into the open and associate with other Christians for Christian ends—pleaded for a wider extension of the Party, even the growing danger from the spread of anti-religious Socialism which prompted the advice failed to recommend it to all Catholics. The Christian Trade Unions had been founded too late to secure the adhesion of many Catholic workers: hence the need, according to Bachem, of opposing the programme of the Social Democrats with one based on Christian principles. In general, it was the Berlin Catholics, being less democratic in tendency, who were opposed to the democrats of Cologne, and a cleavage appeared in the party which needed the fires of war to close. However, strangely enough, these domestic dissensions did not affect the strength of the Centrum before the country. It started in the elections of March, 1871, with 67 members, but in all subsequent elections the average varied but slightly from 98. Under the constitution of the Republic, the Bavarian Catholics, who remain largely monarchist in sympathy, have not felt able to remain united with a Party which accepts the Republic and is ready to work with the socialist, so they have formed a Party of their own, thus detaching from the Centrum some score of members. Another cause of diminution of numbers in the Party is the loss of the predominantly Catholic Alsace-Lorraine, Eupen-Malmedy, part of upper Silesia, and Western Prussia. Finally, the after-war period has deepened and accentuated the elements of division already existing, and some Catholics consider their faith better served by union with the Conservative Nationalists, whilst others, especially in the débâcle after the war, have thought to find in Socialism a better, or at least a more immediate, remedy for current abuses. It is noticeable that both the Nationalists and the Socialists have modified their programmes so as to make it less difficult for Catholics to associate with them.

As a consequence, just as in England the Conservative premier has a son in the Labour Party, so Herr Peter Spahn,

a leader of the Centrum, is the father of Prof. Martin Spahn, now enrolled among Nationalist members of the Reichstag.

All this notwithstanding, the Centrum, though diminished in numbers, is yet an influential body, and has furnished leading members of every Coalition Government since the war. But a Government Party, owing to its inability to satisfy the various and often contradictory demands of its supporters, is always exposed at election-time to a certain attrition, and for that reason many German Catholics have held that it would be good policy for the Centrum to go into opposition, at least for a time. However, the predominant feeling is that a body with the responsibilities of the Centrum cannot be wholly swayed by election expediencies. Associated with the Government it can do more to prosecute its reforms than if it became a gathering point for all whom the Government failed to please.

Hitherto I have dealt with what is matter of fact, and what explains the Party's present condition. But there is more to explain regarding the Centrum and its policy than outside events can account for. There are inner sources of division which the experiences of the war have not wholly removed, and which have become accentuated in the efforts to build up a new form of Government in the after-war period. We can trace two main conflicting tendencies, roughly to be designated Right and Left. At the head of the left wing is Dr. Wirth, who holds that the Centrum should accept whole-heartedly the *fait accompli* of the Weimar Republican constitution, and co-operate with other Republican parties, particularly the Social Democratic Party, on the basis of that constitution, aiming at getting half a loaf rather than none at all. The right wing, under the leadership of Adam Stegerwald, head of the Christian Trade Unions, prefers to aim at the so-called Great Coalition, *i.e.*, a Government uniting the extremes of Conservatism and Social Democracy, with, no doubt, a corresponding lack of enthusiasm for the republican ideal. Considerations mainly of a political character inspire this attitude. Stegerwald always insists that the system of Parliamentary Government demands the participation in office of all parties representing a considerable number of voters, only the extremists, few if vociferous, being left aside. Therefore, it would not be tolerable always to exclude the Conservatives from the Republican Government, nor to free the Socialists, who are after all the biggest Party, from Govern-

ment responsibility. In this conception we see the influence on Stegerwald of the Trade Union point of view. The Christian Trade Unions are united with several other similar associations, the most important of which is the *Deutschnationaler Handlungsgehilfenverband* (German National Federation of Commercial Clerks) in the German Confederation of Trade Unions. Now Stegerwald is the head of this Confederation, as well as of the Christian Trade Unions, and both bodies contain a large proportion of members belonging to the National Party. Consequently, on their account also, he is anxious to have this party as well as the others represented in the Government. There would naturally be a greater chance of harmony and political neutrality in the Christian Trade Unions if the Government embraced all sections: otherwise the social work of the Unions might be hampered by political divisions. Still, not all the workers are on the side of Herr Stegerwald. Dr. Wirth finds a follower in Herr Joos, leader of the Catholic Workers' Union of M. Gladbach, and also in Herr Imbusch, the head of the Christian Miners. On the other hand, Dr. Brauns, a Catholic priest, till lately Minister of Labour, used all his influence in favour of the Stegerwald policy.

As a result of this conflict of policy, supported on the Wirth side by better speakers and on the Stegerwald side by greater voting power, the internal discipline of the Centrum was greatly weakened, and matters grew ripe for an explosion. The split actually occurred after the elections of 1924, which, as we may remember, added greatly to the Conservative or National ranks, and thereby added force to Stegerwald's contention that it was unfair and impolitic to debar such a large group from a share in the Government. An effort was made without success to form a great coalition of all parties. Then the Centrum, led by Herr Marx, formed a Government inclusive of the Conservatives but not of the Socialists. Dr. Wirth opposed this compromise, and for several years was in open opposition to a Government led by his own Party. Nay, more, he took an independent line in a matter of the highest importance to Catholics everywhere, viz., the school question. It was obvious that this situation could not last.

In the eyes of Chancellor Marx, one of the finest personalities in German Catholicism, there existed no circumstance grave enough to induce him to part with the services of the Conservatives. By conviction, indeed, he belonged to the

school of Dr. Wirth rather than to that of Herr Stegerwald. But we must remember that he is also President of the German Catholic School organization, and so might naturally suppose that he could get the school question settled more satisfactorily by the aid of the Conservatives than in conjunction with the Socialists. Although the Weimar Constitution provides for entire liberty of conscience and social equality among all religious denominations, educational arrangements are often not fair to Catholics and those who profess a fixed religious creed. Recent efforts to secure justice to Catholics have been defeated through the opposition, mainly, of the German People's Party, and it is much to be regretted that, in a matter on which Catholic conviction and aspiration is so entirely united, Dr. Wirth saw fit to withhold his support. As a consequence he lost his seat in Baden, and he is indebted for his present seat in the Reichstag indirectly to the Democrats, who offered him a constituency in this year's election; so that the Centrum was morally obliged to procure him a seat elsewhere. This might have seemed the end of Dr. Wirth's influence in the Centrum and the triumph of the rival policy of Herr Stegerwald. But lately an event has occurred which has greatly modified the situation and brought about something like a *rapprochement*.

Dr. Köhler, Minister of Finance in Herr Marx's late Cabinet, and himself a member of the Centre Party, brought in a Bill to improve the salaries of German State employees. This was too much for the members of the Christian Trade Unions and of the Christian Miners' Organization, working at low wages with little hope of improvement. Herr Imbusch, the Miners' leader, is, as we have seen, one of Dr. Wirth's lieutenants. Accordingly his influence, and that of Herr Joos of the Catholic Workers' Unions, also a supporter of Dr. Wirth, compelled Herr Stegerwald to join the Wirthites in opposing Dr. Köhler's measure, and thus partly to heal the breach in the Centrum. The result of these manœuvres was to relegate the school question, on the settlement of which Chancellor Marx had set his heart, to the background, and the problem still remains to be solved by some future Government.

The divided policy of the Centre Party had another unfortunate result. A radical section of Catholic workers, naturally fearing that their special aspirations might be overlooked in these intestine quarrels, formed a new group, called the Christian Social People's Party, under the leadership of Vitus

Heller of Wurzburg, once an agricultural labourer and later, Secretary of the Volksverein. This movement added to the difficulties of the Centrum and caused it to lose several hundred thousand votes and not a few seats in the election of 1928. As a consequence it is represented in the present Government by only one member, all attempts to secure the Vice-Chancellorship for Dr. Wirth, although backed by a united Party, having failed. The measure of reunion already attained, joined to Dr. Wirth's pledge to avoid in future anything which would disturb party discipline, has enabled the Centrum to formulate once more a common policy and a definite attitude towards the Government.

This recovery of the principle of united action is all the more important at the moment because of notable movements within other parties. In the first place, the Communists are conducting an active propaganda to penetrate into the Catholic Youth Movement, and in some districts ignorance of Catholic principles is such that they are meeting with some success. Socialism, again, in Catholic Rhineland, is skilfully camouflaging its unCatholic doctrines so as to win the adhesion of Catholic workers. Lastly, but not least in importance, comes a split amongst the Conservatives, some of whom, under the inspiration of Herr Lambach, one of the leaders of the National Federation of Commercial Employees, have repudiated the monarchical leanings of the majority. Herr Lambach has been expelled from the Conservatives, and is likely to found a Conservative Republican body which perhaps will compete with the Centre Party for agricultural votes.

On all these accounts, unity of spirit and action within the Party is to-day especially to be desired. The fortunes of the faith in Germany are intimately bound up with the development of a strong, well-disciplined body animated with Catholic principles and prepared to subordinate lesser interests to the all-important one of re-Christianizing a fallen civilization, always too prone to concentrate on the material and to lose sight of the goods of the spirit. In their very different circumstances British Catholics may yet watch with prayerful interest the struggles of that very human yet essentially Christian body, the German Centre Party.¹

• TH. BRAUER.

¹ For a more detailed history of the past fortunes of this famous Party, the reader may be referred to *THE MONTH* for February, 1919: "The German Centre Party: Past and Present."—ED.

A SAINT OF THE KITCHEN

LUCCA spent the thirteenth century in the traditional mediæval way. She fought almost continually with her able neighbour, Pisa; fought until both she and Pisa were exhausted. For Lucca had a good conceit of herself; the motto she preferred, which is to be found on a consular seal of 1180, runs arrogantly:

Lucca potens sternit sibi quæ contraria cernit.

With this disposition it is easy to see that she had no mind to submit to Pisa. Did not she trace her descent from a Roman colony founded in B.C. 177? Was not her very name a record that the faith was preached to her by a disciple of St. Peter himself, San Paolino, so that she became a light, *Lux*, to all her neighbours, and especially, perhaps, to Pisa? Was it not just that all this should be acknowledged?

Her dissension with Pisa, indeed, had begun as far back as 1002. In 1228, Pope Gregory IX. induced Lucca to make a kind of peace, but immediately she quarrelled with His Holiness instead. The quarrel became so violent that the Lucchesi were excommunicated and their Bishopric suppressed. At this point they sullenly gave way, seeing no profit in continuing the controversy. But when, in 1238, the Emperor, Frederic II., came to visit them, they at once recognized in him a useful ally and suggested that they might now make war "in his name" upon the Papal Legate, Frederick being, as it were, immune to excommunication.

In 1260 came the battle of Montaperto:

That slaughter and great havoc

That coloured Arabia's flood with crimson stain.

(*Dante, Inf. X*).

—and Lucca suffered terrible things. The Ghibellines conquered her; she had to accept Manfred as over-lord; she only escaped from this servitude when Manfred himself fell at fatal Benevento.

Against this highly-coloured background the life of a certain Zita unrolls itself something after the fashion of a silver ribbon. The story of her is found in a precious MS. first discovered by a Jesuit Father, one of the Bollandist writers,

in the Monastery of Camaldoli. When this Father came to Lucca, in 1662, he found a more perfect copy of the MS. in the possession of the Fatinelli family, and it is this MS. which is printed in full in the series of "Lives" by the Bollandists. It is of the fourteenth century.

Zita was born at Monte Segradi, a village in the hills above Lucca. Her parents, poor people, were John the Lombard and his wife, Bonissima. According to the Bollandist reckoning, this was in 1212. Her aunt, Margaret, a Cistercian nun, was known for her holiness; an uncle, Gratianus, had the same enviable reputation. When the young Zita had lived her first twelve years she was taken to Lucca and placed, as a servant, with the Fatinelli family, whose house was close to the Cathedral. Here she lived for 48 years, dying in 1272. Her life with the Fatinelli was precisely the life of a servant of her own century; she had the hard work, the rough living, the amusements and the occupations common to those of her own age and station, neither more nor less. She became a saint, as perhaps some of them also did, but of her sanctity there remains this record:—the MS. in the possession of the family she served, another damaged copy in the Monastery of Camaldoli. It is thus we come to know her, but she was known in her lifetime to be near to God, so that, when she died, the children ran about the streets crying: "The Saint is dead"!

It is not easy to gather, from the ancient Life of the MS., much notion of the real Zita, of her singular and individual character; what is common to the saints is of course there, but we ask about Zita herself, the Tuscan girl who swept and sewed and cooked, went to the Cathedral for Mass, walked with her friends through the narrow streets of Lucca, went busily to market and wearily to bed. What of her? At first there seems to be nothing at all, but by degrees we come to perceive a savour in the ancient words, as of wood-smoke acrid yet sweet, and in a few rare touches to recognize a very simple, very distinguished mind. Through the bustle of her many activities, we hear the refrain of the contemplative soul, alone, not to be touched except by its Creator. In the midst of the turmoil, the fighting, the rioting, the furious politics of the thirteenth century town, the bloodshed and excitement, the abolition of the Bishopric, the excommunication, the coming of the magnificent Emperor, we are told that she desired to hear as little news as possible of "fleet-

ing things." Was there another kitchen-maid in Lucca who calmly called Frederick Barbarossa a "fleeting thing"? Let us remember that she had neither books nor newspapers; to cut herself off from the hearing of news was to put herself into an almost Carthusian solitude. Rumours of the events around her must have reached the Fatinelli kitchen; perhaps she escaped the details.

Bred in the country, among the teeming hovels of Monte Segradi, no doubt the town house of her master seemed to her the height of luxury and its grim discomforts wonderful. It will have had the fortress-like aspect that is usual even now in Italy with large houses, the lower windows heavily barred, the walls of great thickness. There was, probably, a tower to serve as a last stronghold in case of need. The servants' quarters were, doubtless, less comfortable than the modern stable. But there the wonderful lonely life was led. Zita was sacredly, irrevocably in love; there could be nothing else but God. She found a quiet attic to pray in when her work was done, but she prayed during all her work also, lest—says the old MS.—"if she left wholly the place of peace, the Fire of God's Love might be extinguished in her." It is quite candidly set down in the *Life* that her prayer did at times interfere with her work, as did more seriously her supernatural alienation of mind, but we do not read that the thirteenth century grudged the time thus spent. She almost always got up for Matins at the Cathedral, and often prayed before a Crucifix, possibly one of those made by the Berlinghieri, whose uncouth realism terrifies the modern tourist. But Zita, more wise than they, wept over the suffering of our Lord and spoke aloud to Him, just as any Tuscan peasant will do to-day. We have one of the rare touches of character in the "*Life*" in the record that she preferred to kneel by men in Church, because at least they talked less to each other than the women did.

She practised the hard, enduring penance that has always been one of the conditions of high sanctity, part of that subduing of matter to spirit that is the foundation of an ordered life; that sure means also to union with a God who spoke of love from a Cross. She was accustomed to eat very little and that the poorest and coarsest food; she very rarely touched wine either, which is as if a modern servant refrained from tea. One gathers that she was small and slight, for the "*Life*" speaks often of her "little body,"

so hardly used. She usually wore a chain or rope around it tightened to the point of pain and slept on the ground, so that she came to have the fine look of a spirit rather than that of a living woman.

She wished to serve God exquisitely in her daily work, to give Him a "glorious service," even in what seemed to men inglorious, so she set herself never to question an order or to refuse a duty. Neither heavy chain nor cold ground, nor yet the spare distasteful food can have been so hard a discipline as this; it seems to us sometimes that were the whole inanimate creation arrayed against us, it could not so search and try us as do our fellow mortals. From the scourge of their tongues and their dispositions the bravest might well fly. We read that she had a very soft voice—a rare gift in Tuscany,—but she could use it to some effect when there was question of any of that evil talk which so offends the soul. We are told that she was profoundly patient and exquisitely kind; that she dressed with extreme poverty, always going barefoot; that she was sensitively afraid of praise. The poor abounded in Lucca as everywhere they do abound, and she, who was poor, so loved them that she gave them almost all her small wages, as well as any presents made to her, and carefully collected all scraps and waste food so as to have more to give them. If anyone asked alms "for the sake of the Divine Love," as is done all over Italy to-day, she could not bear to refuse.

There is not to be found in the old authentic "Life" contained in the Fatinelli MS., the accounts of the ill-treatment of Zita with which later lives of her abound; on the contrary, it is expressly said that her master and mistress came to revere her as a saint and to love her as a daughter. She came, during the course of her long faithful service, to be of much authority in their house, and anyone who has known the delightful ways of the old Italian servant will not need to be told that Zita was, in all probability, something of a charming tyrant. No doubt she had to take her share of scoldings, and no doubt her shoulders were broad enough to bear them with equanimity and even with humour. "Come si fa?" she probably said, "Patienza!"

We find in the MS. many of those stories, partly literal but no doubt partly symbolical or parabolical, which the ages of vision as well as of faith told of their saints. For in truth God "is not far from each one of us," and what

wonder should He make that presence felt and seen? So we read that when Zita one day saw a thirsty traveller come to the door and had nothing to give him, she did what she could and drew from the well a pitcher of fresh water for his comfort. Carefully carrying it to him, she made over it the sign of the Cross and then held it to his lips. He tasted and drank long and eagerly, but when he put the pitcher down, it was of fine wine that he spoke, never—so he said—had he tasted any of that quality. The well from which Zita drew the water still exists in the Piazza before the house in which she lived and, on her feast, pilgrims draw water from it and drink in memory of the miracle.

Then we are told that, on one cold Christmas night, Zita wanted to go to Midnight Mass at San Frediano, and that her master argued with her that it was much too cold to stay away from the fire. Then, in an impulse of kindness, he let her go but lent her his fur-lined coat, telling her to be very careful of it. She, when she reached the church door, was aware of a beggar who stood shivering in the bitter wind that blew from the snow-wrapped hills and, hastily stripping off the coat, she gave it to him to wear during Mass, explaining that he must give it back to her once Mass had ended. But, when she came out, there was no beggar to be seen and she had to bear the not unreasonable anger of her master. That Christmas Day must have been a somewhat gloomy one in the Fatinelli house, and we are not told whether Zita's cooking did much to enliven it. But, as the day wore on, a stranger was seen approaching the door, he carried over his arm the fur-lined coat, and when Zita went to meet him he put it into her hands without a word. We may be sure that she took it eagerly, but, when she raised her eyes to thank him, he seemed suddenly not to be there; the coat, however, was tangible. Out of her more serious scrapes the very angels seemed to have helped her, if we may believe the well-known story of the loaves. For it is told that, upon one fine day, Zita had remained in the church so long after Mass that she was late for the important event of baking day. She hurried home in despair at her carelessness, only to find that someone had "set" the bread so that she could at once go about the business of the actual baking. When this was finished, she went to thank her mistress, supposing that she had kindly set the bread herself, but her mistress had done nothing of the sort, nor had any of the other servants thought

to interfere. The bread being so delicious, it was easy to infer that the angels had had a hand in the matter.

It throws a vivid light on the ways of Lucca that we are told of Zita's constant prayers for the souls of those who were "executed" in the little town; she spent several days entreating God's mercy for each such soul that came so suddenly to judgment. Her keen, clear mind saw, as but few in Lucca saw, the danger, the vicissitudes, the romance of souls. As all the saints have known, so she knew with a certainty born of faith, of pain and of experience, where the real romance of life is to be found:

Who wins her love shall lose him
Who loses him shall keep.

That is the sad way of this world where life itself, even apart from notable sorrow, makes havoc of the heart; where moth destroys and time devours, and the "flourish set on youth" loses its exquisite vitality; where we may possess indeed, but never, for all our clutching, keep. Zita kept the eternal, consecrating herself entirely to our Lord and keeping herself stainless with a care that never really slackened, as far as we can tell.

In her 60th year she fell ill. Fever took hold of her, and she who had so seldom cared for herself, had to go to bed and be cared for by others. She died without pain or grief of any kind on April 27, 1272, and as the old "Life" says: "*beatissima illius anima, Trinitatis interminae potitura, carne soluta, in eternae claritatis et pacis gloria est absorpta.*"

On the night of her death it is told that a new star shone over Lucca and everywhere the children ran crying: "Let us go to San Frediano, the Saint is dead, Zita is dead." So great a crowd there was that they could hardly bring the body to the church and, since the people refused to leave her, she could not be buried for several days. At last the Prior of San Frediano put her into a stone coffin, not believing much the tale of her sanctity, we are told, but thinking "if the thing were from God it could by no means be hindered, and if it were fictitious or merely human, the sooner it was stopped the better." For the people were cutting her clothing from her for relics, and when it was renewed, this too disappeared. From the stone coffin, however, a precious liquid oozed and many wonders came to pass. Her body too remained incorrupt, as many witnessed who saw it. In

1278, her cult received some sort of sanction, at least from the local authority, the "Life" indeed calls it "canonization," but mentions no Papal intervention. In 1446, 1581, 1652, and 1841, her tomb was opened and the body was almost incorrupt. Leo X., in a Bull of April 11, 1550, allowed the Canons of San Frediano to say an office in her honour on her feast, April 27th. Finally, she was canonized by Innocent X. in 1696. There is a chapel to her at Monte Segradi, her birthplace, in the very house where her parents lived. The Fatinelli built a chapel in her honour in San Frediano in 1321, which was restored, *i.e.*, decorated in the Baroque manner, in the seventeenth century.

Dante, walking in superb melancholy about the streets of Lucca during the lifetime of the Saint, may well have seen her hurrying to market or praying in the fine spare churches. He afterwards called Lucca simply "Santo Zita" (Inf. XI. 38).

Zita is the patron of workers, especially of those who undertake that oldest of labours, the care of a house. She is the patron of wage-earners, of all whose salvation must be won in the doing of rough and simple tasks; of the poor who love the poor, of the strong and the true whose characters play powerfully upon the weak and the sinful. But she is a model also of unstained maidenhood and of contemplative prayer.

M. G. CHADWICK.

LIGHT AND SHADOW IN IRELAND

THE study of a country which proverbially combines the tear and the smile has lost nothing of its fascination during late years. In Ireland we find natural unity and artificial partition, an ancient nation ranked as the "newest Dominion," a stronghold of the Faith harbouring fiercely antagonistic creeds, a land loved with passionate devotion, yet abandoned yearly by thousands of her children, a native mentality largely swayed and directed by an alien literature, a young government, unhampered but also unassisted by tradition, a mixed population which has assimilated the idea of nationhood in very varying degrees. The social and political changes, which had their rise in the war, have not yet reached their term across the Channel. It is probable that the Ireland of ten years hence will be widely different from the Ireland of to-day, and, certainly, whether the change will be for the better or the worse depends on whether the Christian principles professed by the majority make head against, or yield to, the secularism that surrounds her.

The most patent fact about Ireland to-day is her political division. Less than any other nation of our time are her people inspired by a common feeling of nationhood. In every State, of course, amongst those affected by the economic results of the Reformation, there is the deep cleavage between the Haves and the Have-nots. The "two nations" of the rich and the poor are everywhere in more or less conscious conflict. But this is at present the least of Ireland's sources of division. Her organized working folk are still, unfortunately, under the leadership of non-Catholics, and therefore, liable to be misled by the exploded shibboleths of Marxism, but of late years her infant industries have not been disturbed by intestine strife. One may even hope that something similar to the friendly co-operation of Capital and Labour, which has been inaugurated in this country, may spread to Ireland as well. Nowhere should the principles of Christian economics find readier acceptance than in that mainly Catholic land. But apart from industrial strife, there is enough and to spare of other causes of disunion, which are deeper, if less material, and inspired by sentiment, by party feeling, by religion.

The political divisions are most emphatically marked by that long, unnatural frontier of 240 miles, which separates "Ulster" from the rest of Ireland. Partition was a counsel of despair, devised by English politicians to humour a Frankenstein mainly of their own creation. It was accepted by the Southern Irish when the Free-State was set up, only because they thought it a temporary device which would not survive a rectification of the frontier "according to the wishes of the inhabitants," but when the Boundary Commission, in which "Ulster" refused to take part, reported in 1925, it was found that that expectation was far from being fulfilled. Accordingly, the Report was suppressed and the frontier, which follows the old county lines, was left unchanged, without the further stability which a legal award would have given it. It is destined, as most Irishfolk believe, to disappear in time under the attrition of purely natural causes. Meanwhile, the existence of a fragment of Ireland, as separate from the rest as is the Isle of Man, is a standing denial of her complete nationhood. It came about originally from two main causes:—because Belfast, comparatively wealthy, dreaded union with the less prosperous South, and because Orange bigotry was determined not to associate on terms of equality and friendship with Catholicism. But its result has been grievously to impair the prosperity of the "North," whilst the experience of non-Catholics in the Free State must needs have reassured those whose fears were genuine. The intransigence of the Republican party in regard to association with the British Commonwealth is, doubtless, another barrier to union, which time may remove, and on the other hand, the undemocratic determination of the dominant party in the North to secure perpetuity of power by abolishing proportional representation and by deliberately excluding from office and emolument all members of the opposition, is also an influence likely to prolong, for a time, the present artificial division. Those vested interests are now busy "digging themselves in" by erecting a £1,000,000 Parliament House, at the cost of the British Exchequer. Yet no one, we fancy, who takes a long view, will give a long life to an arrangement which is based on error and maintained by religious rancour, even though its abrogation will not come about in this generation. When it does come it will be largely due to the anomalous position of the inhabitants of the Six Counties themselves. The political entity in which they find them-

selves, is not a nation: they have no natural object of loyalty: the allegiance which some profess towards "the Empire," is at best secondary and remote. The large section of unwilling and disfranchised citizens in their midst, 33% of their numbers, are in the main Irish Nationalists. The interests of Capital and Labour alike, for different reasons, make for unity. The banks in the Six Counties have branches all over the Free State, those of the Ulster Bank alone numbering 116. And apart from these manifold financial links, there must be many non-Catholics in N.E. Ulster who are in historical sympathy with a Northern past which led the forces of Ireland in the struggle for freedom at the end of the eighteenth century.

Consequently, whilst regretting the necessity under which the Catholic forces in the Six Counties are organizing in order to get fair treatment from the Northern Government, and so accentuating the religious division, we feel that time is on the side of those whose aspiration is for Irish Unity.

Leaving the Six Counties aside, what is the condition of the nation comprised in the Twenty-Six? To the outside observer, there seem to be three main views of the country's status and destiny which are not easily to be reconciled. Just as "Ulster" contains a large number of Nationalists, of both republican and "Treaty" sympathies, so the Free State numbers many who were originally opposed to Home Rule, and were quite content with the Act of Union and its consequences. The bulk of the landowning and professional classes, place-holders under Government, and place-hunters, representatives of English finance, members of the Church of Ireland—their strength lay mainly in the capital, in Trinity College and the Kildare Street Club, or within the boundaries of the ancient Pale. They were aptly named by Home Rulers, "The Garrison." Decreased in numbers and perhaps now weaker in conviction, they still only tolerate the native Government and show where their affections lie by calling themselves Unionists and Loyalists. They used also to go by the name of West Britons, for it was in England, with its wealth, its efficiency, its comforts, that they placed their ideal. By education and environment, they and their forbears had become thoroughly denationalized, and the fact that, for the most part, they were also non-Catholics, helped still further to alienate them from the bulk of the nation. They may be credited with honestly believing that what was best for them

was best for the country. But the result is that the Free State has to reckon with a body of "citizens," small it may be but still influential, who do not believe in it, hope in it, or love it, and who would gladly see "the British back again." Only by "making really good" can it expect to absorb these people, or rather their descendants, into the national life.

Another and larger body of citizens object to the present arrangement for the very opposite reason. The West Briton thinks that Ireland has gone too far from England: the Republican that she has not gone far enough. For a time, as the country knows to its sorrow and loss, that belief was expressed in armed revolt against the Treaty. Happily, the opposition now takes the form of constitutional action. But it is not the ordinary opposition that marks every Parliamentary system, *i.e.*, between Conservatives and Progressives: it arises from a radical difference of political ideal. The Republicans want Ireland to be as independent as America is: it is not enough that she is acknowledged to have an equal status with England and the Dominions, so long as she is bound to pay allegiance to the ruler of the Commonwealth. There are so many potential limitations to that equal status, they maintain, that its actual benefits are to be discounted: the equality has been bought by such a load of obligation, and is so illusory in view of the power and wealth of England, that it seems hardly worth the cost. This attitude has much to say for itself, and says it with much vigour. It is now well known that the Treaty was imposed by force on the Irish plenipotentiaries, for the alternative was war (as an instrument of policy!), that they accepted it with all its drawbacks as the best they could hope to get in the circumstances, that, according to Lord Balfour's phrase, the Treaty itself was "too much for a province and too little for a nation." Historically, England could show no title to the possession of Ireland, save the so-called right of conquest: she had certainly not justified her presence there by the prosperity she brought to the conquered nation. With all this in view, the Republicans demand a complete severance from the Commonwealth, irrespective of all the various links which seven centuries of association have forged. They are justified, on democratic principles, in trying to convert the bulk of the nation to that view, but so long as the majority is not behind them in their demand, they should not, as patriots, hinder the development of the country under its present Government.

Of the Free Staters themselves, I suppose the greater part have no sentimental attachment to the British Crown or the British Commonwealth. Their allegiance is to their own country, now become, for all practical purposes, self-governing. If formal independence would make for Ireland's certain prosperity, they would doubtless aim at securing it. But in present circumstances, they consider the effort would produce no good results: it would alienate still further the Protestants in the North: it would postpone the country's financial recovery: it would meet with little sympathy in a world weary of war. Let us give the Treaty, they ask, a fair trial without prejudice to future arrangements: if we find that Ireland cannot prosper under its provisions, then it will be time enough to try to modify it.

The Anglo-Irishman, the Republican, the Free Stater—since the matter does not involve morality—are free to cherish their individual convictions and to support them by political propaganda. Doubtless, all citizens of a country should be patriots, anxious for the country's freedom and prosperity. But they may lawfully differ in their views of what, in given circumstances, makes for their country's welfare, although, so long as differences so radical exist, they must necessarily hamper progress. It may be assumed that the restoration of the Union is impossible, and that it would be undesirable even if it could be brought about. A sentiment of nationhood which has survived seven centuries, to be recognized at last by the whole world, could never be suppressed or lost. So the remnants of the "garrison" must reconcile themselves to be reckoned as members of one of the smallest, if one of the oldest, of the nations. But it should surely be feasible for the others, who differ so to speak only in degree, to combine on the ground common to both, until all its possibilities are realized. The last election showed that republican sentiment is stronger and more widely diffused than was formerly thought, and the party now holds nearly one-third of the seats in the Dail. But to all appearance, the bulk of the nation is not prepared to adopt the risk and disorder of a separatist policy. If the Free State, handicapped as it has been and is, by partition, by disunion, by the legacy of trouble and debt left by the old régime, cannot finally make good, then the alternative may become more popular. What are its present prospects of success?

English rule used to be blamed for Irish emigration. Has

the effect ceased with the supposed cause? Alas, no! The yearly exodus of the young and energetic to America is checked only by the quota mercifully set up by the States in 1921; but still on an average between 20,000 and 30,000¹ of the youth of Ireland still leaves its shores every year. The shipping agencies display attractive and illusive posters in the country towns and there is, no doubt, a constant inducement from overseas relatives who have settled there and prospered. But the measure of the leakage is not due to family affection or love of adventure or political oppression: the main cause at the moment is economic, whether or not we ascribe to past misgovernment these adverse economic conditions. People are leaving Ireland because they see no prospect of an adequate livelihood in the country. Yet people do not flee from Belgium, a country not much bigger than the Province of Munster, and yet supporting a population of nearly eight million, whereas that of the Free State has sunk below three. Belgium, it is true, possesses coal and iron and has a large manufacturing population, but she makes the most of her agricultural land, 41% of which is cultivated, 26% devoted to pasture and 17% to timber. Ireland on the same showing has only 12% of her whole area under tillage, whilst 56% is permanent pasture, 1½% forest, and 23% is unreclaimed (bog and mountain). The country is more fertile than Belgium, and produces the main necessities of life in abundance: something must be wrong with its management, if its small population, whatever its political conditions and in spite of the fecundity of its people, is so constantly dwindling.² If England with her 700 persons to the square mile could, as is now confidently alleged, feed herself from her own produce, how much greater population might the Free State support which averages only 112 to the square mile. Political conditions cannot be wholly ruled out. England in pre-Treaty days ran Ireland at a profit. In 1918-1919, at the end of the war, revenue was £37,275,000 and expenditure £22,161,500. Since the Free State was set up, there has been a yearly deficit, running into millions in spite of high taxation, and amounting to about £12,000,000 for the five years ending in 1927. Partition, the melancholy debt of

¹ The quota for the Irish Free State is about 28,000; for Great Britain and Northern Ireland, 34,000.

² No country which was not exceptionally prolific and observant of marriage morality could have stood this perennial drain, which still has reduced the population of Ireland as a whole from 8 million odd in 1841 to 4 million odd in 1926.

reparations owing to the civil war, but, most of all, the burden of obligations to former servants of the British Government—a yearly tax of about six millions,—have brought about this financial stringency, which keeps taxation heavy, hampers development,* prevents the growth of Capital and thus fosters emigration. How to keep their people at home should be the first aim of the Government, and that necessarily means the encouragement of agriculture proper,—not of cattle-ranching for export. That the country should actually be importing butter for home consumption and at the same time exporting double the amount; that flour mills should be going out of work because it is cheaper to import flour than to grow wheat, that the home-market should be supplied from abroad whilst the needs of the foreign market are allowed to dictate the agricultural policy of Ireland—all this points to an absence of any constructive scheme regarding Ireland's chief industry. It is significant that a non-political Agricultural League has lately been formed to give actuality to the belief that the first business of Irish farming is to feed the Irish people. The Government, no doubt, can point to the Shannon Electrical Works as a future asset of immeasurable importance to agriculture, but much more is needed than the development of power. Its success as a Government will finally be measured by the degree in which it has restored the land to cultivation and the people to the land.

We have said that the generous treatment of the religious minority in the Free State is an object lesson in tolerance, which Ulster would do well to imitate. That generosity is shown in the absence of any religious discrimination in the composition of the Government, and in the original nominations to the Senate. By Article 8, moreover, of the Constitution, the State professes complete neutrality in regard to religious beliefs, and is thus debarred, amongst other things, from endowing Chairs connected with the Catholic faith in the National University. But *de facto*, the Free State is predominantly Catholic, and so is its Government, which naturally reflects the moral convictions of the majority. There is some chance, therefore, of the reappearance amongst the nations of a State which takes the Christian revelation as a practical guide in its legislation. This was manifest in the summary rejection of an attempt to introduce a civil divorce-law into the Irish code, in June, 1925. The Government of a Catholic people can never recognize any right in the civil power to

abrogate what is essentially a sacramental contract. To the same inspiration, though more secular motives may well have been at work, is due the determined effort to make head against the vested interests of the Liquor-Trade, which as at present conducted, is demoralizing and detrimental to the country's welfare. That contest is not yet over, but when it is we hope the Free State will be able to present, to the New World as well as to the Old, the spectacle of a nation which can combine liberty with sobriety.

In another, even more strenuous, struggle—that against the spread of demoralizing literature,—the Irish Government is taking up a task common to all Governments, except, perhaps, the Soviets, and taking it up none too soon. Of late years Ireland has had the sorry distinction of having produced a group of talented writers, some of them alas! renegade Catholics, who have been conspicuous both for indecency and irreverence. As long as there is a market for human depravity of the sort, there will be found writers degraded enough to cater for it, generally under the plea of self-expression and devotion to Art. In addition to this home-grown obscenity and what is imported, the Free State is faced with the fact that the mental food of its citizens, in so far as it is provided by newspapers and periodicals, comes from England, a country the bulk of whose press is no longer under the sway of Christian principles. Hence in response to a prolonged agitation for some measure of protection against this evil, the Government set up a Committee to investigate its extent and to suggest possible remedies. The Committee reported unanimously on December 28, 1926, and the Government has since drafted a Bill based on its findings which obtained its first reading before the recess and will be debated next Session. Until it assumes its final form it cannot be usefully discussed in detail, but we may note that the very idea of a censorship of literature has aroused a chorus of protest, mainly from those whose sentiments were long ago aptly expressed by the Psalmist (ii. 5)—“Our lips are our own: who is our master?” This outcry from the “emancipated” who confound license with liberty, who, in the phrase of St. Paul are “animal men,” who are no longer morally capable of appreciating the beauty of purity, was to be expected, and may be discounted. It was heard here in England in 1909, when the chief circulating libraries protested to the publish-

ing confraternity against being asked to circulate moral filth.¹ Moral poison is far more hurtful than physical, because it affects a nobler entity, and the State has a duty to prevent the free dissemination of the one and the other. And this even on purely civil grounds. However it may be in matters of faith, no State can profess moral neutrality, if only because a certain standard of virtue is necessary for the State's own well-being. Man is a social animal and there are not a few sins, such as intemperance, which have an immediate social repercussion, and become also crimes. All Governments act, and have acted, on this conviction, and the statute-books of all countries contain sanctions against such violations of God's commandments as constitute civic offences as well. The only question, therefore, is, not *whether* but *how far* should the civil power interfere in its own interests to further or protect Christian morality. The measure of intervention will be determined by the measure of its own recognition of the necessity, force and benefit of that morality, which recognition in a Catholic community must be whole-hearted and stable. In other words, the mainly Catholic democracy of the Free State is justified in its demand that nothing harmful to public morals, which legislation can check or prevent, will be tolerated by its Government.

We welcome the "Censorship of Literature" Bill on these general grounds, with very little fear of its being an instrument of tyrannical and harmful suppression; if we have any apprehension, it is that its provisions may be mitigated or its application minimized by a weak condescension to the clamour of the "Liffey School" of literature. Whether it will succeed in stemming the flood of pagan periodicals from abroad, which for generations has invaded and moulded the Irish mind, depends on certain possibilities yet to be realized. It can secure the absence of indecent and corrupting advertisements from the Irish editions of those journals and magazines, but the papers themselves can only be successfully met on their own ground *i.e.*, by the growth of a capable native press, as interesting and well-informed on secular matters as are its rivals. But such a native press can arise and thrive only through adequate Irish support. This is a matter not for the Government, but for the people themselves. There would seem to be need here, as in the case

¹ See "Literature and License." *THE MONTH*, April, 1910.

of temperance, for organized bodies pledged to support a native press and to abstain from the foreign, so as to give the former the means and opportunity of meeting and beating the latter on the ground of excellence of production, and range of information.

Meanwhile, one is glad to notice the appearance and growth of a periodical press which is definitely Catholic in its attitude though not wholly concerned with religious topics. For instance, there is abundance of the *fortiter in re*, if not of the *suaviter in modo*, in the *Catholic Bulletin's* criticism of Government action, and, whilst it brings all policies to the test of Catholic morality, and wages unceasing war on the double-faced and the weak-kneed, it provides valuable and well-considered suggestions for the material well-being of the country. Another more recent monthly, *The Catholic Pictorial*, has done notable service in bringing and keeping before the public eye the unlovely proceedings of the "Soupers," the various proselytizing agencies which, under the discreditable patronage of the Protestant Church of Ireland, try to pervert by "money, coals and blankets," the souls of the Irish poor. A new weekly journal, *The Standard*, takes the whole Catholic world, an unrivalled field of interest, for its province and has won already considerable support. On its success may well be based the hopes of those who fain would see a Catholic daily circulating in Ireland, as they circulate in smaller continental communities, through the medium of which Catholic ideals in politics and civics, in art, literature and drama, in philosophy and in education of every grade, could be adequately set forth. An Irish Catholic daily, a real newspaper dealing with everything from the fixed standpoint of Christian morality, will be the best fruit of the new Bill. Its monthly organs and its one Catholic quarterly *Studies*, leave nothing to be desired, but for interesting, well-written daily information Ireland is altogether too dependent on its wealthy deChristianized neighbour.

In the main concern of life, religion, the Free State has already a deep and stable unity. Towards unity in secular matters, such measure of it as is requisite for progress, she is gradually, if slowly, advancing. If she builds upon what she has already attained in the spiritual sphere, her ultimate success is sure.

JOSEPH KEATING.

PIANO

IT was absurd.

Sentiment is all very well—but balance it in the scales with Storage Room, and all the things you really want.

Common sense says sentiment must go to the wall.

That is the one good thing about this generation. They *can* face issues clearly, and without that blur about them that seemed to haze facts for their forefathers.

"That old piano must go," said Edith.

She said it with that bright urgent air of one who has just made a discovery. But of course they had really talked the matter over a score of times. It was because she was coming back fresh to the battle, but this time quite determined to win, that she threw forth the challenge in so sprightly a manner.

Mrs. Mainwaring huddled her shoulders together in a way that was subtly reminiscent of shawls. Elderly women do not wear little shawls over their shoulders nowadays—not, at any rate, till they are so ancient that they consciously play the part of old lady. But the shawl instinct is in the blood of the elderly, and quite unconsciously Mrs. Mainwaring affected the little mannerisms she had seen in her own mother before her.

"Now, Mother!" said Edith.

She knew well enough what that little shrug meant, though she was not conscious of the fact.

She considered it unfair of parents to make their silent protests in these unassailable ways.

"Well, Edith, you know how I feel about that piano—all the same—"

"All the same, darling—yes, it was all right till we moved into this tiny modern house. But now—nobody plays it, and we could buy a really *good* gramophone. If ever we want a little dancing, we younger folk—"

"Yes, of course, I am unreasonable. Only—it will be thirty-five years last Easter that your father and I bought that piano. No hire purchase in those days, or at any rate *we* had never heard of it. Your great-uncle's wedding present, a five-pound note, that was the nest egg, and we started saving up. Your father loved a tune."

"I can remember him playing hymn tunes on a Sunday night," said Edith reminiscently. "But you can get sacred records, mother."

The elder woman did not heed her.

"I did not mind so much till our girls came, then of course I was as eager as father. Every mother was determined in those days that her girls should play the piano."

Edith laughed.

"Quaint, wasn't it!" she commented.

"And the day we went to buy it—and the day it came home!"

She got up and crossed the room to the piano—it was just an excuse to get away from Edith's keen eyes.

She opened the lid and struck a chord. But her hands were apt to tremble, and the notes miscarried.

The younger woman started as if the discord jarred.

She did not mean to be cruel.

Her mother knew that. She had learnt, with motherhood, that there must always be discords between the generations.

"He had a preference for walnut," she went on gently, "while I chose the green silk front to go with the drawing-room furniture. How proud we were the day the piano came home! We had a few friends in to tea the next Sunday—"

Her voice trailed off into silence. Then she roused herself and added: "People were more friendly then."

The girl shook her head.

She had no use for the good old times.

"You were younger and went about more, Mother," she declared. "You have never exerted yourself to make friends since we came here."

"Perhaps not—perhaps not. Still, it is very nice being near Alice and her children."

"Yes, and her children. And that brings us back to the point. Alice, for whom the piano was bought, does not play it—nor her children. And think how the children would enjoy a cheerful record! It is not as if you had not anything else to remind you of Father—there is that big enlargement in your bedroom—"

"Enlargements are too old-fashioned to be downstairs nowadays," Mrs. Mainwaring whispered.

She seemed to be taking the old piano into her confidence. Then came the argument the older generation dreads.

"But didn't *you* think *your* parents old-fashioned?"

Mrs. Mainwaring gave in—suddenly—completely—absolutely.

"Jennings and Hunt are honest folk; tell them to call tomorrow. Probably they'll sell it by auction."

Her surrender was so entire that her opponent did not like it. When you have prepared for a long siege, a sudden capitulation may feel almost annoying.

"But are you sure? None of us would like to persuade you against your will."

Mrs. Mainwaring smiled.

Fortunately a sense of humour is one of the things that does not wear out.

"Mr. Hunt is the active partner," was all she answered.

"Ask for him."

Edith Mainwaring sat silent.

They had had so many a battle over the old piano that now with victory she felt regrets. But that was mere sentiment.

"I'll 'phone to him from business," she said after a long pause, then added, "no, I'd better call."

Mrs. Mainwaring was really glad when the piano was gone. In those few intervening days she developed a habit of sitting alone in the room with it. But *that* was not the room she saw.

It was an old-fashioned drawing-room, miles away. A room ordinary enough—absurdly commonplace to those who did not understand.

But to her it was a series of triumphs.

There was that pair of silver vases at either end of the shelf—old Aunt Mary's present—and silver was not so common in those days. There was the Millais engraving that she had bought out of the proceeds of the hen-run that year when they'd actually more eggs than they could eat. And there was the gilt skeleton clock in the glass case—she remembered how frightened she'd been when Father had bid for that, and how triumphant later.

But when all was said and done the piano *was* the climax.

She remembered how proud she had been when Alice, her blond hair in short fat curls, had played her first hymn tune to Father after Sunday tea. It was strange how ordinary such talented children grew up!

Edith found her sitting there one evening. She did not say anything. But later she and Alice, who had just dropped in for a chat, had a rather pointed conversation about the necessity of living in the present or the future, and of not being morbid.

Mrs. Mainwaring reflected that they had a bigger future to live in—perhaps that was what compressed older people backwards.

She did not go down to the Auction Rooms for a week after the piano had gone. By then the gramophone was installed. It is folly to dislike a thing because of its name—but to Mrs. Mainwaring the word Gramophone was the ugliest in the language. Now piano, she thought, with its soft vowels, and its dulcet meaning—

But there—that was prejudice!

Prejudice, too, the feeling that you couldn't abide a thing that was incapable of striking a wrong note.

She knew the Sale Rooms quite well. Apart from the weekly auction there was a constant display of goods of all sorts for sale in the ordinary way. Mrs. Mainwaring had been lonely since she moved to her present home. She took all her walks alone. Often she would amuse herself by dropping into the Auction Rooms and drifting round. She found lots of old histories to tell herself as she looked through the sordid, casual, pathetic muddle that is always stocked in such places. And Mr. Hunt and his staff got to know the quiet little lady, and left her to ramble at her own sweet will. She waited till she imagined the piano would be gone.

But no, there it stood facing her as she entered the room.

Tears came to her eyes as she saw how the high polish with which it always had faced the world in *her* house had deteriorated, and how dust and fingermarks marred its surface.

It had aged appreciatively in one week.

Mr. Hunt came along at that moment.

"Ah Mrs. Mainwaring," he exclaimed, "you see your old friend is still with us. But we shall be sending you along another little cheque directly."

"I hope not!" she said involuntarily.

The prosperous middle-aged man started, and eyed her keenly. He was a bit of a student of human nature, and the person who did not want a cheque seemed a new species.

"You hope not," he repeated. "Now I wonder why!" She laughed nervously.

"It was a silly thing to say," she acknowledged, "only—well when it leaves here it has gone, and it is an old friend."

"Ay, an old friend," he said slowly, as he considered the situation from all angles. Certainly, there was no question of real poverty; then he remembered—ah, the bossy daughter!

And Edith had gone out of her way to be very nice to Mr. Hunt—a member of the best club, and, though reported gay, the most popular middle-aged *parti* in the town.

"An old friend," he repeated, and roused himself. "It may not sell for some time, Mrs. Mainwaring," he told her gently. "I'll have it moved into the inner room, and if ever you feel like playing a tune—"

"Oh no," she protested, "I never was a player. Now my husband—" He nodded.

"I see, I see! Well I promise you one thing, it shall not go anywhere but to a good home—and you shall know where."

She laughed shyly, then turned and stroked the lid that till a week ago had shone so glossily.

"I know I am absurd, Mr. Hunt," she said confidentially, "but it is rather nice to meet for once someone who does not laugh at such absurdities."

A month passed by, and she often dropped in to have a look at her piano. It seemed as if a link had not yet been severed with those old proud days.

Edith grumbled.

"It is all very well for Mr. Hunt to pay down part payment on account—but I want to see the rest of my money—*your* money I mean, Mother."

"Never mind, dear, you've had enough to buy the gramophone," the elder woman would reply.

"Ah you are not a business woman!" Edith would tell her.

And then one day when Mrs. Mainwaring slipped into the Auction Rooms her piano was gone.

Her heart beat fast—and last time she had been in she had hardly looked at it—if she had known it was the last time! Then she remembered they might have moved it.

She looked vaguely round.

A young assistant came up to her.

"Mr. Hunt left a special message for you, Madam," he said politely. "If you could spare time would you be so good as to go and see him in his office? He is there now, I believe."

Then she remembered. He had said he would let her know.

"Ah Mrs. Mainwaring!" he exclaimed in his most blustering way, when she was shown into the luxurious inner office behind the Sales Rooms. "Well I am glad to see you, I've a bit of good news."

She smiled at him wistfully.

"Good news, and my piano gone," she said. "With you it was with a friend."

He laughed, and rubbed his big hands.

"Not much of a friend, to keep it indefinitely in a cold, draughty old shop, eh? No, I've done better than that for you. I have found your piano a home—a real home—a home where it will be polished up as highly and as often as ever you have had it done—and where it will be the pride of the house."

"An old-fashioned old thing like that!" she demurred.

"Ay—but old-fashioned folk like old-fashioned things. The two Miss Caters—old school style—well educated—real ladies—then had their financial crash, and picked up the ends of life and settled here on a tiny pension."

"I wonder," she began.

"Hush, wait a minute," he interrupted. "My Mother knew them, and I have never quite lost sight of them myself. They have been saving up ever so long, to buy a piano for their little flat. Then they saw yours here, and they liked the tone of it. You should have seen how delighted they were when they found they could just manage the price!"

He rather hurried over this part of the story.

She must never know how well out of pocket he was by it—but if it made *three* old ladies happy!

"And they were so delighted when they found where it came from, with a good decent family history behind it. Not the type, aren't the Miss Caters, to buy ordinary second-hand stuff."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Oh!"

She got up and went across to the window. She had been trained in the school that did not allow one to show one's feelings.

"It is not raining after all," she said after a pause; then came back and stood by the man's desk.

"Mr. Hunt, I am so glad my old piano has found a real home," she told him. "You have been very kind to me."

"Kind!" he exclaimed gruffly. "Kind! There is no kindness, Madam, in doing common business!"

She smiled at him, she had forgotten to be nervous.

"I am grateful—for common business," she told him, and added, "Do you think I might call, just once, to see my old piano, or would it seem too foolish?"

He laughed at her fears.

"Of course you *must* call. Why, here is the address all written out ready for you; they left it. Go to-day and see the old ladies, I am sure they will be at home worshipping their new treasure."

He jumped up, and perhaps Mrs. Mainwaring felt herself rather hustled from the room. But she paused at the door to glance up and say with a smile.

"You pretend, big man as you are, always to play with the loud pedal down. But I could trust you to put down the soft one when needful."

He did not understand, not a bit, but he laughed as he realized that he had got through an awkward interview without betraying himself. The Miss Caters were sworn to secrecy.

Mrs. Mainwaring was shy, and like most shy people she acted in a hurry. She wanted to see her piano's new home, so she started off before her courage failed her.

Her destination lay in a quiet but intensely respectable little street. The elderly lady who answered her knock, showed a reassuring and smiling friendliness when she explained her identity.

"Oh do come in, do!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Hunt told us about you. Come in here, and excuse me, please, while I fetch my sister."

Mrs. Mainwaring was left alone, and glancing round her anxious face softened. She liked this room—ample, plain and comfortable.

The just sufficient plain old furniture about reminded her of her early married home. She did not know of course, that John Hunt, with all the resources of the Sale Room, and a sympathetic imagination, had easily arranged to fit up his old friends to pattern when they had settled there three years before.

Yes, and there was her piano!

It just looked as if it had been standing in that particular spot these forty years.

Then she was roused by the entrance of her hostesses.

The three elderly ladies were all reserved, perhaps under ordinary circumstances they would never have broken the ice. But the piano put them all at ease.

"You will excuse me calling," the visitor began, "but Mr. Hunt said—"

"Oh Mr. Hunt is a very nice young man," said the elder

sister, as she paused. "He helped us to settle here. Any friend of his is more than welcome."

"More than welcome," echoed the younger Miss Cater.

"We, that is, my husband and I, were so proud of that piano," Mrs. Mainwaring went on. "And I am so glad it has come here."

"Mary shall play to you, while I go and get tea," Miss Cater decided. Then before the guest could protest she was left to listen, and look. It all seemed a throw back to Mrs. Mainwaring.

From the old piano, with its sweet low pitch, came those airs with variations that she had so often listened to years, years ago. The flourishes, and the crescendos, the brilliant runs, were dashed off by the younger Miss Cater in just the style that had been so admired when *she* had been a girl. And the quiet faded old room seemed just the setting for the music.

Then tea, and slow, quiet talk.

"You will come again," the elder sister begged when at last she rose to go. "The past is so interesting—and we meet no one who understands."

"No one who understands," echoed the younger Miss Cater.

"I shall come—often," said the visitor, then was abashed at her own courage. "You will excuse my saying that," she added apologetically. "But I thought I had lost an old friend—and instead, yes, I have found two new ones!"

"You cannot come too often," said Miss Cater warmly.

"Never too often," the younger sister corroborated.

"Life is not all forte," said Mrs. Mainwaring whimsically. The sisters turned to look at their new possession.

"Piano!" they exclaimed together.

John Hunt, Auctioneer, wasn't above the tricks of his trade. Yet to three old ladies his name was associated with harmony and friendship. And who knows, when John's last books are made up, that there may not stand to the credit side of the account the word "Piano".

D. FOWLER MARTIN.

OUR LADY OF MYANS

1. THE SACRILEGE OF BONIVARD

ON being deposed by the Council of Lyons (1245) for his evil life, and plots against the Church, the Emperor Frederic II. of Germany, determined to retaliate by invading the territory of the Holy See. This would necessitate crossing the Alps, but since the passes most favourable for the purpose were under the control of his great ally, Count Thomas of Savoy, the Emperor foresaw no difficulty, and the success of the proposed enterprise seemed assured. There was one man, however, with whom the Emperor had not reckoned.

In high favour with the Count was his Secretary and Counsellor, Jacques de Bonivard, and he was strongly opposed to Frederic's plan. Subsequent events suggest that this opposition was dictated by policy, rather than by piety; but, be that as it may, Bonivard induced his Master to break off the alliance with the Emperor, and block his passage. This, of course, settled the matter.

Equally of course, the Pope fully appreciated the signal service which Bonivard had thus rendered to the Church, and saw that he was suitably rewarded. The riches which came to him, however, proved his undoing, for they merely fed that avarice which was Bonivard's curse, as it had been that of Judas before him.

The ancient Castle of the Dukes (or Counts) of Savoy was at Chambéry—in its precincts, stood, and stands to-day, the beautiful Chapel which for more than seventy years sheltered the Holy Shroud—and running south of Chambéry, in the direction of Grenoble, is a double range of mountains, with a rich valley between. Near to the City, in the western range, stood the great Mont Granier—which now claims our special attention.

High up Mont Granier was a rich Benedictine Priory; at its base, the town of St. André, surrounded by four small parishes, and a quarter of a league eastward of these, and immediately facing Mont Granier, the village of Myans. This Priory was dependent upon the Abbey of Rambert in Bengely, and Bonivard, who held a farm on the Abbey estate, knowing

well how rich a possession it was, set his covetous heart upon obtaining it. To this end, he, who had opposed the Emperor's invasion of the Papal Territory, did not hesitate to lay violent hands upon the Monastery.

The attack was sudden, swift and ruthless; and having seized the property, Bonivard drove away the monks at the point of the sword—drove them down the mountain-side, through the town of St. André, and neighbouring villages till, finally, they took refuge in the little church of Myans.

Now, Bonivard must needs celebrate this inglorious conquest by sacrilegiously giving a dance in the Priory Church, and a sumptuous repast in the Refectory. To this he invited a number of friends—Officers, Nobles, and the leading people of St. André. This was on the 24th of November, 1248; and while these unholy festivities were in progress, the exiled monks were prostrate on the floor of the church of Myans, bedewing it with their tears, and filling the air with their supplications, invoking especially the aid of the Mother of Christ.

The night had been singularly calm and still, and the moon was shining, wondrously clear. But about eight o'clock, when they were half-way through the supper at the Priory, there suddenly arose an extraordinary wind, accompanied by sounds and movements in the air which were declared to be diabolical. Then the earth began to quake—to quake beneath the mountain whose crest was thousands of feet above. Soon, Mont Granier was writhing in mighty convulsions which finally rent it asunder, and its great towering heights came crashing down, down in an awful avalanche, burying beneath its wreckage, Monastery, town, villages, and 5,000 souls.

It was all the work of a few seconds, and in those few seconds the whole aspect of the place was changed. The lofty summit of Granier, the monastic pile, and all the habitations below, had all completely disappeared, and what was once a fertile valley, was now a chaotic mass of enormous rocks and hillocks, while, in the midst of the Abîmes, appeared a mysterious lake whose waters seemed to be alive, and their depths unfathomable.

And what of the monks at Myans?

Gradually, with deafening roar, the appalling stream of débris—a league in length, and a league in width—swept on towards them. Right on it came, right up to the very

doors of the church—and there it stopped. Then, according to the legend, voices of demons were heard in the rear, crying, "Pass on! Pass on!" And voices in front replied, "We cannot. We cannot—*Because of the Black Thing!*"

But at length the granite stream rolled on, on either side of the little church (which is built on a slope) into the valley below; leaving the church like the prow of a ship, breasting the angry waves.

And what was "The Black Thing" that had barred the way, and saved the monks? That we shall see in a moment. In the meantime, we must record that, 50 years after the fall of Mont Granier, (which, we believe, is now but two-thirds its original height) at the earnest request of the people of Myans, the Bishop of Grenoble came and solemnly blessed the Abîmes, which, little by little, had become covered with grass and shrubs. After the Benediction, vines were planted, and to-day the whole district is covered with magnificent vineyards; and it has been said that there is no wine in the whole of Savoy or Dauphine like that which comes from the neighbourhood of Myans.

II. THE BLACK MADONNA

The devotion to Our Lady of Myans is a very ancient one; so ancient, indeed, that no one seems able to state its origin. One of its chief historians is Fodéré, who made his novitiate at Myans, and afterwards became Provincial of the Franciscans. He writes:—"At Myans, for many centuries—indeed, from time immemorial—there has existed a little church of Our Lady on the lower side of the road between Chambéry and a little village named Les Marches. This tiny church is formed of a low arched roof on which are depicted the Apostles, the figures being black with age. In the church is the statue of Notre Dame, black as an Ethiopian, holding her little Child of the same colour. It is about 45 inches high, and is placed in a niche behind the high altar." And this was the "Black Thing" that checked the avalanche, dismayed the demons, and saved the monks.

Both the Figures are in long copes; the Holy Child is held erect on the left side, and the whole statue, except for the ebony faces, is richly gilded.

For centuries past, there had been pilgrimages to Myans, and these naturally became larger and more frequent after the fall of Mont Granier, and the miraculous deliverance

of the monks. Then, in 1430, a very holy hermit, known as the Blessed Hermit of Myans, took up his abode there, and drew many more pilgrims to the shrine.

A quarter of a century later—in 1458, to be precise—the Illustrious Jacques de Montmayeur, who had served the King of Castille in the war against the Saracens, resolved to build a Convent for the Franciscans, in gratitude for his many deliverances, and chose Myans for the site; one reason for this choice being that Masses and prayers might be constantly offered for the souls of those who were buried in the Abîmes. This further increased the number of pilgrimages. Later, at the close of the 16th and beginning of the 17th centuries, a further impetus was given to these by the frequent visits of Saint Francis de Sales, who, indeed, took up his residence there for a time, and many of his letters are dated from Myans.

So great was now the fame of this ancient shrine of the Black Madonna, that Dukes, Princes, and Religious Congregations—including the Jesuits from Chambéry—flocked thither, and at the time of the Revolution one pilgrimage alone is said to have numbered 60,000. Nor was the Shrine without evidence that many miracles had been performed, and many graces won, through this devotion to Notre Dame de Myans, for the church was full of ex-votos which bore witness to this; some of immense interest, and great antiquity. We say "was," because all those of that time were ruthlessly destroyed during the Revolution, that is, all except two. Nevertheless, these have been replaced by others, and to-day, it would be difficult to find space upon the walls of the church for many more.

The list which Fodéré gives of the wonders wrought here, or directly due to the invocation of Notre Dame de Myans, is too exhaustive to be quoted.

We may perhaps recount, as one of the most extraordinary of the *legenda* which have gathered about the Shrine, the following incident which appears to have taken place in the 14th century, *i.e.*, after the fall of Mont Granier, and prior to the establishment of the Franciscan Convent. At that time (and, indeed, until 1803, when it was made a separate parish) the church at Myans was a chapel of ease to the parish church of Les Marches, and Fodéré tells us: "The chapel was a good half-league (one and a half miles) from the Presbytery of Les Marches, and it was no small inconvenience

for the Curé to tramp the distance often, (as he had to do to satisfy the devotion of the people) especially as his road lay over the chaotic mass of stones, thickets, hills and valleys. It therefore occurred to the Curé that the solution of the problem lay in his large church of St. Mauris at Les Marches, and to this he removed the Statue of Notre Dame de Myans. But the next morning, it was found back in its place at Myans.

The Curé then thought that he had failed to transport it in a fitting manner, and that this accounted for its return. So, on the Feast of St. Mauris, with due reverence and solemnity, and many mortifications and devotions, at which the parishioners assisted, the Statue was brought to Les Marches once more, to the accompaniment of prayers and hymns. But next morning it was again found miraculously restored to the chapel at Myans. So the Curé made no further attempt to remove it."

It was impossible for so famous a Shrine as that of Myans to come safely through the horrors of the Great Revolution. Indeed, the fury of the evil powers behind it found full vent here. As we have already seen, the church was stripped of its ex-votos, but in addition to this, the statue was wrenched from its niche, hurled to the ground, and with one blow from a hatchet, was decapitated. During the tumult, a pious peasant was able to secure it and secretly convey it to a distance, and there bury it. Some time afterwards, it was unearthed, repaired, and restored to its place in the church, seemingly in defiance of the authorities, who had received intimation of its recovery. In 1905 it was crowned by Pope Pius X., and the church is now affiliated to Loretto and endowed with similar spiritual favours.

It need only be added here, that Myans remains entirely unspoilt. Every day one may see pious pilgrims wend their way to its Shrine; and, with its quiet, holy atmosphere, its perfect situation amid great mountains which are backed by the snowy Alps, it offers an ideal retreat for Catholics who seek refreshment for body and soul.

CHAS. H. ROUSE.

[NOTE. A fuller account of the Shrine, to which the writer is much indebted, may be found in a book by Père Mailliet, Superior of the Missionaries of Myans, called "Le Pèlerinage de Notre Dame de Myans."]

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

ST. ANNE'S HILL.

RISING above the level meadows of the Thames valley and overlooking the flat plain of Middlesex is a little hill about a mile from the old town of Chertsey in north-west Surrey. It is now covered with wood and has recently been presented to the local authorities by a generous purchaser for the enjoyment of the public. From its association with the ancient Benedictine Abbey of Chertsey it should have an additional interest for the Catholic inhabitants of the district.

Known originally as Eldesbury or Oldbury Hill, it has been called for nearly six hundred years St. Anne's Hill from a small chapel built by the monks of Chertsey Abbey and dedicated to St. Anne. In June of the year 1334 the Bishop of Winchester gave permission for services to be held there and granted an indulgence of forty days to all who contributed to the work of erection.

Except for a few trees and some traces of an ancient camp the ground was then open and, no doubt, the little building was a conspicuous object in the landscape. Two hundred years later the chapel, like its parent abbey, was destroyed by the agents of Henry VIII., but its ruins existed for another century and even under the rule of the Commonwealth they appealed to the Cavalier poet, John Denham, when he wrote his poem "Cooper's Hill," descriptive of the scenery viewed from the high ground near his birthplace, the town of Egham, between Chertsey and Windsor.

Viewing a neighbouring hill whose top of late
A chapel crowned, till in the common fate
The adjoining Abbey fell, (may no such storm
Fall on our time) when ruin must reform.

Probably few people nowadays have read Denham's condemnation of Henry VIII., outspoken as it is, and the more noteworthy as written and published under Puritan domination. On the east side of the hill is a wood and at the bottom of the slope an eighteenth century house known as "Monk's Grove," though there does not seem to be any authentic history linking it to monastic days.

In 1440 the Monks of Chertsey received the grant of a Fair to be held on St. Anne's day. This, following the modern reckoning of time is now held on August 6th. The date of the actual destruction of St. Anne's Chapel seems unknown, but it is not likely to have survived the Abbey and a tradition that a house was

built on its site is mentioned by some writers. The modern house known as "St. Anne's Hill" is chiefly associated with the name of the Whig statesman, C. J. Fox, to whose wife it belonged and who resided here during the later years of his life. On the death of his widow in 1840 his great nephew, the fourth Lord Holland, succeeded to the estate. Having become a Catholic, Lady Holland forms a link in the Catholic history of the district, for Mass was said in her private chapel for several years and after her death her remains were placed above ground in a small mausoleum in a garden, close to the road which skirts the foot of St. Anne's Hill. About five miles away to the south-west, lies the village of Chobham with an old parish church in which is buried Nicholas Heath, the last Catholic Archbishop of York and Lord Chancellor of England, who was deprived of his see and office soon after the accession of Queen Elizabeth and who spent such part of the remainder of his life as was not spent in prison at a house called Chobham Place which he had purchased from the Crown while in office. Non-Catholic writers have assumed that he was favoured by Elizabeth because he had proclaimed her accession in the House of Lords and supported her authority as far as he could go, but the late Canon E. Burton has pointed out that the latest evidence does not support this view. He died towards the end of the year 1578 and only a plain black stone marks his grave. Nicholas Heath's brother, William Heath, seems to have owned Chobham Place after him and died there in 1600. The estate has often changed hands since then, but in 1908 a brass plate to the memory of Archbishop Heath was placed in Chobham Church.

L. F. G.

ECONOMIC CONDITIONS IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE is no question of the fact that the Black Death, half-way through the fourteenth century, shook mediæval society to its foundations. There is some question as to how far and how soon was the recovery. Professor Thorold Rogers believes that economic recovery was rapid and that the following century, the fifteenth, was "the Golden Age of the English Labourer," a golden age brought to an end by the rapacity of Henry VIII. There are other historians, like the Rev. W. Denton, who paint the fifteenth century in the darkest colours. Mr. Denton would put the Golden Age of England in the reign of Edward I. who died when the fourteenth century was still in its first decade:—

His death is one of the turning points in English history. In his tomb was buried the promise of the continued prosperity of his country. The one hundred and eighty years lying between his death and the accession of the house of Tudor

were years of violence and suffering to the people of England, not lightened, but chequered by a few brilliant victories, and long, ruinous campaigns. The sufferings endured by the people of this country cannot be tabulated; they may, however, be traced in the decline of the population, in the growth of crime, in the frequent returns of famine, and in the havoc caused by pestilence. The violence which reigned throughout the country may be estimated in part from the fact that of the nine kings who filled the throne of England between the death of Edward and the close of the Middle Ages, four were murdered, whilst one, the murderer of his nephew and the usurper of his throne, was killed in battle, and by dying on the field escaped secret murder or death upon the scaffold.¹

Against Mr. Denton may be set Mrs. Alice Stopford Green who dates the larger industrial activity of the English towns from the middle of the fourteenth century:—

From this time forward we begin to detect signs of stirring prosperity, at first under the guise of a frugal well-being, and later carrying its luxury with happy ostentation. In the course of the next hundred years we see trading ports such as Lynn, Sandwich, Southampton, or Bristol, and centres of inland traffic such as Nottingham, Leicester, or Reading, and manufacturing towns like Norwich, Worcester, York, heaping up wealth, doubling and trebling their yearly expenditure, raising the salaries of their officers, building new quarters, adorning their public offices and churches, lavishing money on the buying of new privileges for their citizens, or on the extension of their trade. And while the bigger boroughs were thus enjoying their harvest of blessings and fat things, the small seaports and market towns also gathered in their share of the general good fortune by which all England was enriched.²

Professor Thorold Rogers, Mr. Denton and Mrs. Green are all genuine historians who have done work of valuable research on documents of their period, but they have gone on particular trails and not surveyed the whole country. Professor Cunningham, with the advantage of being able to utilize the results of their labours, takes a more all-round view and gives a more measured judgment. There was marked progress in some directions and equally marked decay in others during the fifteenth century, and, we might add, the fourteenth century also.

Immense as was the importance of the Black Death it is not to be blamed for everything that went wrong. That glorious epoch of achievement in civilization which is called mediæval had indeed passed its noonday at the death of Edward I., not in England only

¹ "England in the Fifteenth Century," p. 65.

² "Town Life in the Fifteenth Century," vol. I., p. 13.

but in Europe. Four years before the death of the greatest mediæval English monarch, the French King Philip had outraged and humiliated the Papacy. The quarrel between Pope and King had originated with the attempt of the Pope, as Head of Christendom, to make the French and English Kings renounce war as an instrument of national policy. The triumph of Philip the Fair over Boniface VIII. in this conflict was the triumph of Nationalism over Christendom, of State over Church, of secularization over religion. The Pontiff, an old man of 86 years, was defenceless at Anagni when he knew that Philip's soldiers were coming to seize his person. He could do nothing but trust to the reverence of Christian men for his sacred office. Vested in his pontifical robes and holding in his hands the Keys of St. Peter he awaited his attackers. This was the catastrophic day in mediæval history that Dante, antagonist of Boniface though he was, compared to the tragedy on Calvary itself: "I see the fleurs-de-lys enter Anagni, I see Christ a captive in His Vicar, I see His mockery acted again, and He is crucified anew between thieves."

Soon the seventy years of degrading captivity of the Papacy in French territory had begun, and when at last the Pope returned to his post in Rome the factions of nationalism started the Great Schism of the West.

With such scandal attached to the office of Vicar of Christ, such violence done to the Catholic idea of a united Christendom, it was impossible to expect Catholicism to exercise its noble social mission as in earlier centuries. Were Catholicism not divine it could not but have perished itself under the load of such degradation. The Black Death was not a greater disaster than the Avignon captivity and the Great Schism. No wonder society shows deterioration before the Black Death, perhaps bringing that visitation of God upon itself, and shows also incapacity to recover healthily from its disintegrating effects.

Yet despite Anagni and Avignon and the Schism and the Black Death there was light as well as shadow in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The social heritage of Catholic tradition was too rich to be dissipated entirely by any generation, however prodigal, and there was a natural increase of worldly knowledge and skill which was the cause of great advances in material civilization.

Apart from the Black Death, the chief causes of economic distress and decay in fifteenth century England were the Hundred Years' War and the factional and dynastic struggles which, besides resulting in thirty years of civil war, made firm and stable government impossible for a much longer period. It was tillage, the country's principal staple employment, that suffered most decline and brought many urban centres and rural districts down with it. On the other hand, the wool trade in all its branches, from the rearing of sheep to the finishing of cloth, enjoyed remarkable prosperity.

Native English merchants, moreover, were ousting foreigners in this country from the more profitable commercial and financial operations. In this period, also, the English genius for seaman-ship was securing for Englishmen an increasing share of the shipping trade.

We have experience in our own day of national depression due to decline of the staple industries, coal, iron and cotton, at the same time that there is conspicuous prosperity in subsidiary trades, automobiles, artificial silk, gramophones and tobacco. This helps us to understand how, in the fifteenth century, certain localities and trades could be advancing while the country as a whole was stagnant.

The most fortunate class was that of traders and employers in the growing towns; they were forming a moneyed, capitalist class when the feudal aristocracy was doing a great deal to wipe itself out by war and a wasteful mode of living. Among agriculturists, the sheep farmers were doing well, and the mass of the small landholders, peasant proprietors, if we may give that name to copyholders and leaseholders as well as freeholders, were, on the whole, more than maintaining their own.

The least fortunate class—apart from the unemployed and impotent poor—were the landless labourers in town and country. The quotable evidence about the fifteenth century is disputable, but there is no reason for thinking they were better off in the fifteenth century than at the beginning of the sixteenth when Sir Thomas More, in his "Utopia" wrote a description that has come ringing down the ages :—

For what justice is there in this, that a nobleman, a goldsmith, a banker, or any other man, that either does nothing at all, or at best is employed in things that are of no use to the public, should live in great luxury and splendour, upon that which is so ill-acquired; and a mean man, a carter, a smith, or a ploughman, that works harder even than the beasts themselves, and is employed in labours so necessary, that no commonwealth could hold out a year without them, can only earn so poor a livelihood, and must lead so miserable a life, that the condition of the beasts is much better than theirs? For as the beasts do not work so constantly, so they feed almost as well, and with more pleasure; and have no anxiety about what is to come, while these men are depressed by a barren and fruitless employment, and tormented with the apprehensions of want in their old age; since that which they get by their daily labour does but maintain them at present, and is consumed as fast as it comes in, there is no surplus to lay up for old age.

. . . The richer sort are often endeavouring to bring the hire of labourers lower, not only by their fraudulent practices, but

by the laws which they procure to be made to that effect ; so that though it is a thing most unjust in itself, to give such small rewards to those who deserve so well of the public, yet they have given those hardships the name and colour of justice, by procuring laws to be made for regulating them.

The reference is, of course, to the Statutes of Labourers which, whatever measure of justification they may have had originally, came to be used as engines of oppression. It is important, however, to remember that at this period the lapdless labourer was very much the exception. Something like nine out of ten families in the country had small-holdings. The peasant proprietors were the great mass of the people. They had to labour hard and live rudely, but they were independent and secure. We can best learn of them in the careful study of Mr. Tawney, who takes the period from 1381 to 1489 to be one of increasing prosperity for the small cultivator, who had gained personal freedom without losing his land, and who, not subject to rack-renting even though a tenant, kept the increase of land values for himself. Mr. Tawney says :—

One is encouraged in one's belief in the comparative prosperity of a large number of the peasantry in the early sixteenth century by the comments which the writers of the periods pass upon it, even after a decline has already begun. The picture we get is of an open-handed, turbulent, large-eating and deep-drinking people, much given to hospitality and to merriment both coarse and refined ; according to modern standards very ignorant, yet capable of swift enthusiasm, litigious, great sticklers for their rights, quick to use force in defence of them ; proud of their independence, and free from the grosser forms of poverty which crush the spirit. The latter feature strikes everybody. Foreign visitors note with amazement the outward signs of wealth among the humbler classes. English writers, though their tone becomes sadder and sadder as the century proceeds, are never tired of boasting of it.¹

The story of the destruction of the English peasantry belongs mainly to the sixteenth century, like the story of the downfall in this country of the Catholic Church, and to a large degree the two stories are one and the same, for the common people of England who had been raised up by the Catholic Church fell with her fall.

H. SOMERVILLE.

¹ "The Agrarian Problem in the Sixteenth Century," p. 132.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

**Jubilee of the
Cardinal
Archbishop.**

Were it not for the expressed desire of his Eminence, the devotional ceremony at Westminster Cathedral on September 11th, when a solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Car-

dinal in thanksgiving for the blessings of the twenty-five years since he ascended the archiepiscopal throne, would only have been the centre of demonstrations organized in his honour by the faithful of his diocese and the Catholic people of the whole country. To have ruled so great a See so long and so ably, to have worthily represented the Catholic Church before the people of this land on so many momentous occasions, to have upheld the Catholic cause unflinchingly in various crises and yet maintained the respect of the secular power, to have shown on all occasions how thoroughly Catholic principles make for true citizenship, to have been a great public figure yet unremitting in fulfilling the duties of his widespread pastoral charge—all this surely merited the most emphatic public recognition and gratitude. But his Eminence preferred simply to gather his flock around him, in the great Cathedral which he is embellishing so worthily, in an act of formal homage to the Master whose servant he is and from whom he derives his commission and his strength. Doubtless the prayers of his faithful people will have been all the more fervent on his behalf because they were denied any other outlet to their devotion, and these are a gift which his Eminence prizes above all others. Cardinal Manning alone of his predecessors has surpassed him in the duration of his archiepiscopate; none have had to meet so prolonged and so varied a demand upon the energies of body and mind. Yet the future years may bring even greater burdens, as God's Church in this land enters more fully into the spiritual inheritance reopened to her a hundred years ago. We trust that God's grace, so signally manifested during the past twenty-five years, may continue to be his Eminence's rod and staff and consolation through the trials and triumphs to come.

**The new
Archbishop of
Liverpool.**

At the moment of writing another Archbishop is being consecrated to the See of Liverpool to begin, let us hope, a career in the North comparable to that of his Eminence amongst us. Our

readers know something of Dr. Downey's intellectual powers, for he has contributed, though all too seldom, to our pages. What those best fitted to judge think of his other qualifications for his high position is shown by his being selected while still a simple priest for this gravely responsible post. It will be his task to marshal and lead the Catholic forces of his diocese in the struggle

with the materialism of the age, rendered more difficult by the doubts and contradictions of a disintegrating Protestantism. Candour, courage and straight-speaking are the traditions of this Lancashire See, as of the county which contains it: at once, the smallest and the most populous of the Catholic dioceses, its Catholic spirit loses nothing by diffusion. The new Archbishop is a fit embodiment of those traditions and that spirit, and we wish his Grace many fruitful years in which to display them *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*.

The Peace Pact.

Incredible as it may seem, the Kellogg Peace Pact has had a bad press. Although the one hope for the future of civilization is the abolition of war, the cartoonists and satirists of the world have combined in cynical merriment to ridicule the renunciation of armed force by the signatories in Paris on August 27th. One insinuates that, since the grave of war was then dug and its tombstone erected, now the next step was to find the corpse. Another declares that the arrangement is to avoid all wars except such as are inevitable. Another represents two soldiers trying to exchange the kiss of peace while wearing gas-masks. And so on. The truth is that the Pact is not regarded seriously because the Powers have *done* nothing to show they are in earnest, and *are* doing many things which argue that they are not. The exception made by Great Britain, for instance, in favour of the right of self-defence, *self-determined*, might knock the bottom out of the whole arrangement. It equivalently makes the Powers say:—"Yes, let us agree to abolish war as an instrument of policy, but since we, none of us, can trust one another to keep the agreement, let us remain fully armed." It is plain that the world's politicians do not *start* their negotiations with the conviction that another world war would be the ruin of civilization, and that, therefore, whatever else is done, war must be ruled out at all costs. So far are they from this conviction that they are preparing for war all the time, instead of preparing for peace. Their disarmament discussions are futile because of their mutual distrust. There is not one that is willing to risk the extra security that may seem to depend on an extra battleship or army division. America and the other great Powers *could* abolish war if they wished, and make law and order prevail everywhere as they prevail in every civilized State. Russia? China? Mexico? These disorderly and threatening communities are potent for mischief only because they are armed and subsidized by the States whose security they are supposed to menace. War is still found commercially profitable by individual groups of men and the various Governments have not sense or courage enough effectively to control the financier and the armament-maker.

**Acts which
seem to contradict
Words.**

In view of the fact that great nations who have signed the Pact are still continuing to use war as an "instrument of policy"—France in the Rhineland, England in regard to Egypt, America in Nicaragua, and so on—and show the greatest reluctance to remit their futile efforts to make themselves secure by armed force, the news that fifty-one States, including Russia and Mexico, have already agreed to adhere to the Kellogg Pact, leaving only thirteen still unaccounted for, is less impressive than it might have been. If France, for instance, had announced at Paris that, feeling amply secure because of the Locarno Treaty and the Pact, she intended forthwith to evacuate the Rhineland, more would have been done for peace than did the paper renunciation of war. But instead of a gesture of that sort, the usually pacific M. Briand accuses Germany, disarmed in strict accordance with treaty obligations, of being practically as strong as ever, showing on the one hand that the explicit provisions of Locarno, the British guarantee and all that, has not made France feel safe, and on the other the impracticability of trying to keep a great nation unarmed in the midst of an armed Europe. And as if to demonstrate how little the Pact really meant to them, France and England on the eve of signing proclaimed that they had independently come to a naval agreement. At once the American press, aided by a forged letter, led an outcry against this supposed breach of international comity, and it was only after a month's embittered comment that the fact was disclosed that the "compromise" concerned only some technical dispute in the Disarmaments Commission and that, even so, it was conditional on the approval of the other Powers concerned, to which it had been already submitted. Considering what the nationalistic press is—the greatest obstacle to peace and understanding between nations—this was emphatically a case when everything should have been told or nothing. In any case, at a time when the solemn renunciation of war by the Powers might reasonably be expected to put the whole question of armament-reduction on a different and much more feasible footing, a revelation that two great nations were still meticulously haggling over their respective naval strength had the effect of discounting their sincerity in signing. The plain man—the "John Citizen" of the cartoonist—wants more than talk. He wants, being a taxpayer in an impoverished country, his Government, in conjunction with the rest, to say:—"Now that war has been renounced, let us at any rate start the new era by halving our War Budgets, leaving further reduction to further negotiation."

**Pacifist Bishop
and
Militarist Don.**

The Bishop of Winchester was rash enough to express, in *The Times* for September 15th, his sense of the incongruity in present circumstances of an army of occupation on German territory

and his conviction that its speedy withdrawal would immensely enhance the prospects of international security and peace, only to be rebuked in forcible terms by a certain Oxford don in *The Times* for September 18th for "rushing into questions of foreign policy." The don in question is the author of a jingoistic "History of England," so we can understand his irritation at any pacific counsels, but his assumption that the ordinary citizen, and, much more, persons of prominence like Anglican prelates, have no right to hold and express opinions on foreign policy is somewhat out of date in a modern democracy. A great deal of our trouble comes from allowing politicians, especially in the Foreign Office, too free a hand in determining our relations with other nations, and, unless the English people—and the same is true of the citizens of other States—take an intelligent interest in foreign affairs, they will have no guarantee against a recurrence of 1914-18. Bishop Woods will, doubtless, deal with Mr. Fletcher's strictures as they deserve, but the state of mind it reveals is not confined to Oxford backwaters. It is characteristic of the older generation everywhere, who have been brought up in the imperialistic tradition and are loth to recognize that the day of empires is over.

**Abolish
Air
Warfare.**

It seems to be generally agreed that the sham air invasion and defence of London which occurred during August has proved that no great city can be adequately defended against attack by air. There is only one commonsense conclusion to be drawn from that demonstration, viz., that warfare in the air should be formally and definitely abolished by international agreement. It is impossible now to go back to the old convention that unfortified places and the civil population were not lawful objects of attack. Let those who talk of war as a moral discipline—and there are still men blind enough to do that—note this fact. War, instead of becoming more humane and refined with the advance of material civilization, has become immeasurably more brutal. It is in practice an abandonment of the weapons of reason for those of the beasts, and it is conducted now with a more thorough reversion to the animal level. Had the world remained practically Christian, it might have been possible to humanize warfare, to employ only professional soldiers and to debar certain barbarous weapons. The result of the last war has destroyed every chance of mitigating the process of warfare. If ever there is another it will be waged between peoples, not between armies, and with every sort of destructive instrument. There is no moral difference between bombing a civil market-place and bombing an infant school or infirmary, between torpedoing a passenger-steamer and sinking a hospital ship, between poisoning the air with gas and infecting wells and reservoirs with cholera-germs, and future combatants will recog-

nize no conventional difference either. War is a reversal to the passions of the beast and, though it could be conducted in such a way as to evade its worst horrors, were the world Christian again, there is little hope of that. If it be urged that civil aviation must go on, and commercial machines can drop bombs, then let the manufacture of bombs be made an international crime. These things cannot be made or accumulated in secret, and the nations' armouries can be periodically inspected by an international commission.

**Security through
Disarmament.**

The outcome of the August Air-Manœuvres over London, properly considered, should reinforce the Peace Pact. It is plain that security cannot be attained even by a colossal defence-force, but this does not prevent some panic-stricken writers from advocating an immense increase in fighting-planes. *John Blunt* (September 1st), for instance, not a paper of any weight, calls for a couple of thousand, or more if necessary, bombers to be added to the Air Fleet, and there are other hardly less foolish proposals from other quarters. It is not borne in mind that the only Powers which can threaten England by air are France and Germany: the rest are too remote or must pass over neutral territory on the way. Can anyone imagine, with all the influences and interests now working for peace, any likelihood of any attack from those quarters in this or the next generation? Is either Power ever likely to turn against the State which guarantees their abiding friendship? Security is not a thing to be considered in the abstract: it must have reference to potential dangers and every step in the direction of peace lessens these risks. If armaments were sensibly diminished, if conscription were wholly abolished, as Cardinal Gasparri long ago advised, the fear of aggression would grow less and less. Security can be much more readily and infinitely more cheaply attained by reducing national forces—provided the reduction is universal and proportionate,—than by increasing them. Again let us refer to Germany, intended by the victorious Allies to be the standard by comparison with which the European nations should regulate their armaments. Germany has a voluntary army of 100,000 all told. Of course, she has millions of ex-soldiers and vast potentialities of war-manufacture in her organized industries: this only proves, as we said, that no strong nation can be coerced into military impotence: the argument is not affected. Germany is allowed no conscription, no military air force, no submarines, and only a limited navy. Would not Europe be immeasurably more secure, would any of the Great Powers be any the less capable of pursuing their legitimate interests, if these restrictions applied to all of them? It sounds paradoxical, but it is demonstrably true, that the greater the armaments, the greater

the insecurity they produce. Competitive armaments were a necessary feature in the European system destroyed by the war, the system which aimed at security by a balance of power. Now that we have substituted for group rivalry universal co-operation, enormous military forces are an anachronism. M. Briand's speech at the League Assembly on September 10th, wherein he excused the immense armed strength of France as necessary in view of the menace of Germany, is so contrary to his habitual rôle, to the spirit of the League, and, let us add, to the facts, that it must have been put into his mouth by some one else. If so, he is not the strong and sincere man he has hitherto seemed.

We have frequently called attention to the "Anglo-Catholicism" growing tendency of "Anglo-Catholics," who in used to maintain that their view of their Church Despair. was the only true one and used to hope that one day the other "schools of thought" in her capacious bosom would be absorbed by theirs, to abandon that position and reconcile themselves to permanent association on an equal footing with those whom, logically, they ought to consider heretics—and avoid. Unable now to make head against the others and finding no general support for a policy of exclusiveness, the so-called Catholic section of the Church of England has been forced to admit "comprehensiveness" as a note of their Church; thereby equivalently giving up its claim to belong to the Church founded by Christ. For that Church was (and is) Catholic, but by no means "comprehensive," in the Anglican sense of embracing contradictory doctrines. It is a sad and noteworthy sign of the times that men, whom one thought were getting close to the Catholic conception of the Church's Unity and Uniqueness, have now drifted still further into error and, despairing of finding in their own chaotic body those essential marks of the Church of Christ, have boldly denied their essential character. Such is the purport of a singular manifesto published by a group of prominent Churchmen, both clerical and lay, "Anglo-Catholic" and Evangelical, on Sept. 18th, wherein the signatories, "in view of the meeting of the Bishops next week," and presumably for the guidance of their Lordships, declare that, "we have consulted together for several hours (!) and have parted with the conviction that both Anglo-Catholics and Evangelicals have their legitimate place in the Church of England: and that there is equally legitimate justification for their growth and development." Thus have these worthy men bravely burned their boats and destroyed for ever their means of crossing the gulf which separates them from both Catholics and Orthodox. We trust that certain of our Continental brethren who set their hopes in *démarches* like that at Malines will take careful note of this revelation of the true character of "Anglo-Catholicism."

**Prospects of
Union
Destroyed.**

Meanwhile a convinced and zealous member of that school, who has been touring in the East, records in the *Church Times* (September 14th) his conviction that there can be no union between Anglican and Orthodox save in identity of faith and that, therefore, before there can be any *communicatio in sacris* between the two, the Anglican Church must become homogeneous in its belief and its belief must be substantially that of the Orthodox. In other words, since the Orthodox makes exactly the same claim to be the one true Church of Christ as does "Rome," the conditions of union in both cases are the same. What J.A.D. will say when he reads the great betrayal of the *Times* letter may be gathered from these further reflections of his:—

That anyone acquainted with the A.B.C. of the matter can fail to realize that the deep dogmatic cleavage amongst us is at present a practically insuperable obstacle to the formal union [of the Orthodox with us] and, therefore, also to their formal intercommunion with us, is amazing. . . . For the Orthodox, that the Church of England should be divided as to the dogmatic interpretation of its formularies, is a formidable obstacle: but that it should legalize two or several such dogmatic interpretations would be an absolutely insuperable obstacle. They cannot discuss union with a Church which speaks officially with two voices.

These candid admissions are commonplaces in Catholic polemic with Anglicanism. It is gratifying to know that someone on the other side has come to feel their force. But they are nothing new in themselves. When did Anglicanism ever speak with a single voice on matters of Christian faith? And what right has it to do so, were it capable, since it proclaims the individual conscience to be the final arbiter of belief? The two (or more) voices—in other words, "comprehensiveness"—form the chief note of the English Church, which is sufficient by itself to refute her claim to be part of the Church of Christ.

**"Compre-
hensiveness" and
Modernism.**

The flock has spoken and doubtless the pastors will take heed. But these devotees of comprehensiveness are surely pushing an open door, as far as the bishops are concerned. Their departing

chief has always proclaimed in speech and writing his belief in the "deliberate comprehensiveness" of Anglicanism. Others, like the Bishop of Liverpool, aim at "comprehending" all varieties of Protestantism in his Cathedral worship, as all equally true. Such is the obvious interpretation of these recent words of his Lordship [*italics ours*]:—

My own earnest ideal is a church in which Anglicans, Pres-

byterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists and others would continue to worship, each according to their own forms, but be led to *feel* that they are one by the fact that the ministers of each are recognized for service among all.

Dr. David apparently agrees with Dr. Temple and others that there is no Sacrament of Orders in Anglicanism, and therefore no barrier to a form of union between it and the other sects of Protestantism. He ventures, indeed, to surmise in his *Diocesan Leaflet* "whether the Established Church of the future may not be so devised as to provide for the inclusion of some of the Free Churches on terms which they could accept." Everything seems to point to a Pan-Protestant union to be, if possible, engineered at the Lambeth Conference of 1930, and now that the most zealous and active party in Anglicanism is exchanging its claim to Catholicity for a profession of "comprehensiveness," the greatest obstacle to such fusion may possibly disappear. The signatories to the document mentioned above do not include the Liberal or Modernist school as having a "legitimate place" in Anglicanism, but the fact that several of them have modernist leanings would suggest that they take it for granted. No doubt, there will be adverse criticism of that declaration. Already, Dr. Gore, whilst sorrowfully admitting the chaos of Anglican belief, has asked them (*The Times*, September 20th) to state explicitly that Modernism (which is in effect Unitarianism) ranks equally with the other parties, and, at the same time, to state the limits beyond which each of them may not go. That last demand shows more than anything else how much out of contact with reality, how wrapped in a fog of illusion, are even the best Anglican minds. What can set limits to, or in other words define, belief save an authority to which conscience must defer? And where is there such an authority to be found in Anglicanism? "To define," says one of its Bishops, "is to divide." Therefore, we must needs have unlimited "comprehensiveness."

**More Light
on
Anglicanism.**

Two events in the immediate future will throw further light on the nature of the State Church. The Hierarchy is to meet in a few days in order to determine what the Church is to do in regard to the repeated rejection by Parliament of her revised Prayer Book, and the annual Church Congress is to be held at Cheltenham on and after October 2nd. Fuller comment on these events may be reserved until after their occurrence, but in regard to the first we may recall that the Bishops are pledged to do something positive. "Mere acquiescence," they declared last January, "in the decision of the House of Commons would be, in our judgment, inconsistent with the responsibilities of the Church as a spiritual Society." And several of them have been more explicit. In a *Diocesan Letter* at

the end of July, the Bishop of Durham openly declared that "to acquiesce in such subordination of the Church to the State as was boldly affirmed in the House of Commons, and was plainly implied by its rejection of the Prayer Book, is ultimately to allow the claim of Cæsar to over-ride and wholly to submerge the claim of God." This is the proper Christian attitude, but, on the other hand, the new Archbishop of York, Dr. Temple, in the August *Contemporary Review* argues that, although the State is omniscient, it should be content to allow the Church liberty in her own sphere. The State, we fancy, will take little heed of either prelate, whilst the *Church Times* (August 31st) would have the hierarchy compose its own notorious differences before laying down the law for the inferior clergy.

The programme of the Cheltenham Church Congress is remarkable for the inclusion of perhaps the most prominent Anglican Modernist, the Rev. Dr. Major, in the list of speakers who are to discuss "The Anglican Interpretation of the Christian Faith." Consequently, as the Secretary of the English Church Union, the Rev. Arnold Pinchard, points out in the August *C.U. Gazette*: "The position of the Modernist towards the fundamental truths of the Gospel is to be recognized as being equally acceptable with that of the Catholic." Mr. Pinchard is one of those who signed the letter asserting the equal status of Evangelical and "Anglo-Catholic" in the English Church. Apparently, he at any rate would answer Bishop Gore that the Modernist cannot be admitted into that ample fellowship.

The Origins of Life.

At the Glasgow meeting of the British Association a vast variety of subjects was no doubt usefully discussed, and its true function as an annual stocktaking both of the achievements and the efforts of the human intellect was adequately exhibited. No one, like the President of last year's meeting, achieved a passing notoriety by challenging in the name of a discredited materialism the age-long spiritual convictions of human kind. An attempt, indeed, was made by Professor Donnan, of London University, to claim for a brother professor, a physiologist, that he was "on the verge of an astounding discovery," viz., the cause of the phenomenon of life. If he got over the verge, the implication was, life could at last be created in the laboratory,—the old dream of the materialist. Professor Donnan's own standpoint may be gauged by his stating that there were only two theories concerning the origin of life:—"The first held that living germs had reached our planet quite accidentally, and the other that life had grown from inanimate matter under certain conditions." He evidently has no use for a widely-held third hypothesis, that the gulf between living and non-living matter was originally bridged by the

action of an Omnipotent Creator. Those who think life came on earth "accidentally" from beyond its limits clearly tell us nothing about its origin: they are not worthy to be ranked as a school of thought. The real difference is between the materialist and the vitalist,—the one believing that the effect can transcend its cause, the other guilty of no such philosophical absurdity. Life comes from life, although it is not inconceivable that the Creator should have endowed material elements with merely potential living force, capable of being actualized in certain combinations. It is fair to say that Professor Hill deprecates the fuss which his colleague sought to make about his interesting investigations, which do no more than analyse further the material conditions necessary for living activities.

**The Sydney
Eucharistic
Congress.**

The mammoth numbers at the Chicago Eucharistic Congress two years ago can never be repeated or rivalled, except in some such thickly-populated and easily-accessible centre. So we are prepared to find that the corresponding gathering in Sydney, on September 5th-9th, attracted a mere 50,000 visitors. But from all accounts, in devotional fervour, picturesque setting and lavish display the Congress at the Antipodes was second to none,—indeed, Mgr. Heylen, of Namur, the President of the Permanent Congress Committee, who has been present at most of them, declared that this, the 29th, surpassed all the rest. The wonderful growth of the Church in Australia, from a few barely-tolerated convict chaplains a century ago to its present fully-canonical stature with a hierarchy of twenty-five members, was naturally a theme for comment and congratulation, and the non-Catholic inhabitants of Sydney from the Premier of the State downwards were, in spite of the efforts of certain bigots, courteous and hospitable. A correspondent to *America* (September 15th) credits the Australian Catholic with a more virile Catholicity than is noticeable in the States. He expects, as he gives, fair play in religious matters and if he considers himself unfairly discriminated against in any particular, he lets those concerned know. Like the American he is compelled to support his own schools as well as to contribute his quota to those of the State, but he maintains a continual protest, ultimately, we hope, to be as successful as Catholics here have been, against this injustice. We regret to note that Mr. Bruce, the Federal Premier, who joined in welcoming the Cardinal Legate to Sydney, has recently felt obliged to reject a Catholic petition for justice in this matter.

We have seen it stated that the next Eucharistic Congress, two years hence, will be held in Dublin: if so it will be a fitting crown to the Emancipation celebrations of next year. For Emancipation meant primarily freedom to worship God by means of the Eucharist.

**Catholic activities
confined to
Few.**

Our weekly papers have given full reports of the various Conferences and Summer Schools with which the summer holidays opened. The annual C.S.G. meeting at Oxford, one of the lectures of which we print in this issue; the Cambridge Summer School, devoted this year to the cause of the English Martyrs; the International Confederation of University Students' Societies, which met this year at Cambridge, the Franciscan Summer School at Oxford (not confined, it is true, to Catholics)—all provide gratifying evidence of the existence amongst us of a sense of the potentialities of our Faith. Yet, from another point of view, they may lead to discouragement rather than to further exertion. For it is the sad truth that they affect but a handful even of our small numbers. Were it not for the Catholic Press the Catholic body as a whole would not even know of them. In other words the majority of Catholics do not develop as they should the full possibilities of their faith. It is only by incessant propaganda that Catholic societies can maintain their comparatively scanty membership. If the C.T.S. were to drop its constant sermon appeals it would soon revert to its original small numbers, if the C.S.G. did not maintain an organizing secretary and a periodical it would shrink to yet smaller dimensions, and so on with the rest. Instead of the faith providing an internal stimulus to action on its behalf, the appeal has to come from outside and is effective only so long as it is heard. Yet why has God-given us the faith except to trade with it? If we are not conspicuously more zealous, more just in social dealings, more anxious for the Kingdom of Christ, more full of good works, than those who have not the gift, something must be wrong with us. Mere natural goodness is not enough. *Nonne et ethnici haec faciunt?*

**Co-operation
between Capital
and Labour.**

The Trade Union Congress at Swansea which closed on September 8th made a welcome and decided step towards that harmony between capital and labour which the best interests of both demand. The T.U.C. has definitely turned down the class-war as a means of attaining the objects of Trade Unionism. It approved of the Industrial Conference already at work and instructed the General Council to proceed on those lines to the setting up of some permanent scheme of co-operation with employers. It resolved, furthermore, to examine the causes of disunion in the ranks of labour, and to deal with them decisively. It definitely repudiated any connection with the Soviet Unions, on grounds of entire difference of principle. If only now the Government on the one hand and the employers on the other will really exert themselves to remove whatever causes of labour discontent still remain—such as unemployment, sweating, bad housing, insecurity—

England, from whose soil first sprang the various forms of class antagonism, may yet present to the world the spectacle of a practically united people. There is a danger, of course, if the worker does not look to his ideals, of the Servile State becoming established. In exchange for security and sufficiency he may barter a more precious independence and self-reliance. He may lose even the desire of property and the qualities which responsibility evokes. He may look on employment as an end in itself, instead of as a means to purchase leisure for self-development, and for the education of a family. Many of the less-educated workers only want security—and we can hardly blame them considering what the alternative has been. And the coal-war has shown us that some employers only want cheap labour. There is much yet to be done and many problems to be solved before labour and capital are in complete agreement, but it is much that they have resolved to talk rather than to fight.

**Some Moral
Issues in
U.S.A.**

It would be impertinent on our part, even were it otherwise feasible, to discuss American party politics, but there are questions involved in the contest between Governor Smith and Mr.

Hoover which touch points of universal Christian morality and are, therefore, fit subjects for comment. The first is the objection to Mr. Smith which is based on his being a Catholic. It affronts Catholic honour all over the world that any member of that faith should be considered incompetent to serve his country in any capacity because he owes allegiance in purely spiritual matters to the Head of his Church. The matter has been thrashed out, time and again, by such intellectual giants as Windthorst in Germany and Newman in England, but those who oppose Mr. Smith on religious grounds are for the most part inaccessible to reason. It would be sad if the educated were to stoop to use bigotry which they in their hearts despised. Another question of morality is the Prohibition, and it is a revelation of the extent to which even men of culture are subjected to party shibboleths to find a person of the mental stature of the Republican candidate professing unequivocal adhesion to the demonstrably unjust and socially pernicious Eighteenth Amendment. Whether he considers the matter from the standpoint of reason or of experience, the unprejudiced outsider cannot readily understand how a sincere and educated man can support the Volstead law: it exposes his reputation for soundness and sobriety of judgment to such a terrible risk. However, Mr. Hoover's party seem to be irrevocably committed to Prohibition, and the foreigner can only wonder at the phenomenon.

• THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Atonement, Right and Wrong views of the [Rev. R. Bandas, Ph.D., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Aug. 1928, p. 113].

Catholic teaching on International Relations: apropos of D. Urquhart's campaign [J. M. Egan in *Commonweal*, Sept. 5, 1928, p. 429].

Sterilization, Morality of [Rev. E. J. Mahoney in *Thought*, Sept. 1928, p. 276].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Anti-Catholic Influences in U.S.A. [A. Lukan in *Revue Apologétique*, Sept. 1928, p. 316].

Communism, How it is spread in France [*Documentation Catholique*, Aug. 4, 1928, p. 130].

Freemasons and Freemasonry [Dom Maternus, O.S.B., in *Southwark Record*, Sept. 1928, p. 247].

Mexico, Revelations of a Protestant Eye-witness regarding Persecution in [W. F. Saunders in *Commonweal*, Sept. 5 and 12, 1928, pp. 426, 456].

Shaw's (G.B.) Socialism exposed [H. Somerville in *Studies*, Sept. 1928, p. 455].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Agriculture, should be State-encouraged [*Tablet*, Aug. 18, 1928, p. 201].

Catholics and, [Rev. J. Kelleher in *Studies*, Sept. 1928, p. 421].

Beauty an essential part of Holiness [*Order*, Aug. 1928, p. 46].

Distributism essentially Catholic [Rev. J. J. Welch in *Catholic Times*, Aug. 24, 1928, p. 14].

German Catholics Organize for Peace [P. Delattre in *Etudes*, Aug. 4, 1928, p. 275].

Immodest Dress [*Tablet*, Aug. 25, 1928, p. 233].

Labour, The actual and the ethical status of [J. A. Ryan, D.D., *Ecclesiastical Review*, Sept. 1928, p. 225].

Life on other Worlds? [L. Rouse, S.J., in *Etudes*, Aug. 5, 1928, p. 257].

Modernism, History of the word [J. Rivière in *Revue des Sciences Religieuses*, July 1928, p. 398].

Moral Atmosphere, The Modern; Dangers of [C. Bruehl in *Homiletic Review*, Sept. 1928, p. 1263].

Papalism, Ockham's revolt against [R. Hull, S.J., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Sept. 1928, p. 225].

Peace Pact at Paris essentially Christian [*Universe*, Aug. 31, 1928, p. 10].

Religious Education [T. Corcoran, S.J., in *Thought*, Sept. 1928, p. 240].

Religious Education in our Catholic Public Schools, Defects of, II. [*Order*, Aug. 1928, p. 63].

Religious revival in France [L. Rouse, S.J., in *Etudes*, Sept. 5, 1928, p. 567].

Wealth, Fiduciary character of [*Catholic Times*, Sept. 7, 1928, p. 1].

REVIEWS

I—LUTHER THE REFORMER¹

IT is rather an emasculated Luther which confronts us in this second volume of Dr. James Mackinnon's apologia to which he has given the title of *The Breach with Rome*. The fact cannot be disguised that Luther was a violent man—foul-mouthed would hardly be too strong a word—but the Edinburgh professor handles this aspect of the subject very tenderly. Perhaps he will allow the arrogant side of the Reformer's character to reveal itself a little more clearly in the course of the two remaining volumes, which, we learn, are already almost finished in manuscript and which will complete the work. When Dr. Mackinnon talks to us of "the brother with the deep eyes and the wistful gaze who stood there and asked so humbly to be instructed," adding that "he had learned by long years of wrestling with the problems of the spirit to probe to the heart of things," we find it very hard to accommodate this description either with the portraits which are preserved to us of the features of the ex-Augustinian monk, or with the tone of his letters and writings at any period of his life. We do not doubt that the author is himself honestly persuaded of the high moral purpose of his hero. But does he really expect his readers to accept in their literal meaning such words as he quotes from him when in April 1521 Luther expressed his gratitude to the Emperor and the Estates at Worms? "I have sought nothing but a reformation of the Church in accordance with Holy Scripture. I would suffer death and infamy, surrender life and reputation for his imperial majesty and the empire. I would reserve nothing but the liberty to confess and bear witness to the Word of God alone." Dr. Mackinnon describes this as the Reformer's "irrefragable faith." It sounds to us much more like oratorical bombast, pardonable enough it may be in one who wanted to conciliate the ruler who was then supreme, but absolutely lacking in any note of sincerity.

The volume before us covers only a period of four years, beginning with the Indulgence controversy and ending, practically speaking, with the Edict of Worms. We rather regret that the remaining 25 years of the Reformer's life will have to be dealt with much more summarily, for it was in the close of his days that the man revealed himself for what he really was. Much pains seem to have been spent upon the composition of this volume

¹ *Luther and the Reformation*. By James Mackinnon, D.D., &c. Vol. II., "The Breach with Rome." London: Longmans. Pp. xviii., 354. Price, 16s. net. 1928.

and the Protestant authorities have been diligently consulted, but we are not so satisfied that the author has concerned himself with, or has been at pains to understand, the Catholic position. The book is not free from occasional lapses. Who, for example, were the "Ultraquists" (*sic*) mentioned twice in p. 167 and again in the Index? Has Dr. Mackinnon never heard of *sub utraque specie*?

2—TERTULLIAN¹

IT is difficult to arrive at a just estimate of this book. As an indication of the welcome attention which is being given at the present time to the study of the early literary monuments of Christian antiquity, it is worthy of all praise. Again, it witnesses to an enormous expenditure of energy in the collection and classification of references to the works of Tertullian. But we should not feel justified in accepting it unreservedly as a serious contribution to the study of the development of doctrine or of the place of Tertullian in that development. The writer too easily accepts even a fairly close resemblance of doctrine as evidence of the influence of one writer on another. Such a superficial view does not really advance our knowledge of the history of dogma. What are we meant to gather, e.g. from the statement (p. 195) "Alexander of Hales draws a distinction between 'meritum de congruo' and 'meritum de condigno'." On the notorious problem as to the priority of Tertullian or Minucius Felix, the writer adopts an ambiguous position. On p. 39, he writes, "Tertullian, the earliest of the great Latin Fathers . . ." Yet on p. 19, we find, ". . . it is difficult to avoid the belief that he [Tertullian] is not referring to Minucius's book," and on p. 190, "More recent investigation of the subject, however, leads to the conclusion that Minucius preceded Tertullian." Further, on its theological side, the book propounds some startling views. "Augustine, adopting Tertullian's theory of original sin and of transmitted depravity, based upon it his doctrine of the total depravity of man." We also learn that Tertullian was the first to introduce the term "satisfaction" into theological doctrine, and therewith "a thoroughly alien and pagan doctrine, viz., the doctrine of salvation by works of human merit" (p. 45). In a note (p. 64 ff.) we read, "Three factors characterized private penance: (1) It was converted into a sacrament. The absolution of the priest converts even mortal sins into venial sins." As a whole, the book provides a great quantity of largely undigested matter, arranged under numerous headings. There is a good deal of unnecessary repetition,

¹ *The Importance of Tertullian in the development of Christian Dogma.* By the Rev. James Morgan, M.A., B.D. Kegan Paul. Pp. xviii. + 295. 7s. 6d. net.

and at the end of it all, one has not gathered any very definite or coherent impression of the real teaching of Tertullian. Let Mr. Morgan forget his analytical presentation, and give us a comprehensive synthesis of Tertullian's doctrine; he has collected the materials, but at present they lie scattered on the ground, awaiting the builder's hand. If he will set himself to this task we feel sure that he would come to modify his judgment on the effect of Tertullian's work. "Roman Christianity was essentially Greek in form previous to the time of Tertullian. When it won the allegiance of the African lawyer to its service, Latin forms and expressions were introduced which, in the course of time, so permeated and influenced its theology that the whole character of its teaching was changed" (p. xvi.).

The book, therefore, fails of its avowed purpose, and Mr. Morgan indeed, with a disarming modesty, had prepared us for this, "The writer can claim no qualification for undertaking such an important task." (p. v.) We are, however, far from condemning his work root and branch; it is most acceptable as a handy manual for the study of Tertullian. Mr. Morgan has done especially good service in his treatment of the influence of Roman Law on Tertullian; and his list (pp. 69-76) of legal terms, adopted by the latter in his theological writings, should save many a student from disaster.

3—PANEGRIC OF ST. GREGORY OF NYSSA ON HIS BROTHER ST. BASIL¹

ANOTHER admirable doctoral thesis from the Catholic University of Washington. Time, experience and the *labor improbus* of these Catholic American graduates are visibly bringing the "Patristic Studies Series" to such a stage of perfection that it will one day be reckoned to their credit, not only to have raised the standard in editing the Fathers, but also to have gone far towards standardizing the better type of edition.

Sister Stein M.A., D.Ph. cannot be too highly complimented on the successful issue of the almost Herculean labours involved in the production of this book. A fascinating "Introduction" of highly scientific value supplies all pertinent information concerning St. Gregory of Nyssa: his life, character, literary activity, analysis of his writings; a short sketch of encomiastic or panegyric literature in general with a special account of Gregory's output in this field of composition; valuable studies on his vocabulary, syntax, style and even minute details on his oratorical *clausulae*.

¹ *Encomium of St. Gregory, Bishop of Nyssa, on his Brother St. Basil*. By Sister J. A. Stein, M.A., D.Ph. The Catholic University of Washington. Copies to be ordered from the Catholic Educational Press, 326 Quincy Street, N.E., Brookland, D.C. Pp. xcvi. 166. Price \$3.00.

Nothing of importance is omitted; there is surfeit of nothing. Indeed too much praise cannot be bestowed on the industry, erudition and research displayed in these ninety-six introductory pages.

Then we have a *revised Greek text* with complete critical apparatus in footnotes. Experts will disagree with some variants preferred by Sister Stein; but they will owe to her the material which enables them to exhibit their superior acumen. The "Commentary" is likewise excellent, marked by copiousness and accuracy, furnishing assistance where needed. Lastly comes, on opposite pages, a faithful often elegant, though not always quite idiomatic "Translation." The translator appears to entertain too meticulous a reverence for the author's length of sentence, and seems at times too slavish in reproducing words rather than thoughts. Dr. Stein hardly reaches the standard set by Dr. Deferrari in his translation of "St. Basil's Letters."

The work, while yet in manuscript, and when passing through the Press, was subjected to such rigorous examination by professors of university standing, that it would seem improbable that serious slips in translation could escape their lynx-eyed scrutiny. We have, nevertheless, in a cursory perusal, noticed some serious blunders. On p. 48, l. 10, the phrase, εὐχῆς εἰς ἐλογίαν τὴν κατάραν μετατιθείσης should have been rendered: "Our teacher's prayer turned their curse into blessing," not "The prayer of our teacher placed a curse on their fine words." The reference is explicitly to Balaam. Again on p. 50, l. 21, ὥς is not *causal*, as stated in the "Commentary," but *final*; and the sentence should run: "In order therefore that by the pettiness of our discourse the marvel of his (Basil's) life may be not undone; and lest, through efforts to praise our hero, there arise some diminution of each one's present high estimate of him, it were better by silence to enhance our own feeling of admiration, than by our discourse to belittle his praises." Here the point was altogether missed. So too on p. 50 l. 10 a more idiomatic and more accurate rendering would be: "We must take thought so to order his feast as to celebrate it in a manner pleasing to him;"¹ and not: "We must consider how, in establishing this feast we shall assemble here. . . ." *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*; but a host of professors should not all be caught napping. And is it not better they should be taken to task by a friendly critic rather than by hostile scoffers?

Let us hope this attractive volume will be patronized not only by the professional student of Patrology, but by many of our studious clergy, who should make it their business, if not prepared to spend three dollars on it, at least to secure its purchase by our public libraries.

J. D.

¹ Several illustrations of this idiom may be seen in Donovan's Greek Prose Comp., p. 183.

4—THE EASTERN CHURCHES AND THE PAPACY¹

WE cannot, for the moment, think of any book recently published for which we would desire a wider circulation among educated Anglicans than this remarkable work by an Anglican Rector in support of the Papal claim to supremacy over the Church of Christ. The book is a Dissertation approved for a Research Doctorate Degree in the University of Oxford, a fact which should guarantee the solidity of its historical scholarship and should claim for it the serious study of all who respect, on grounds of history, the Catholic contention that the primacy of St. Peter was accepted by the Eastern Churches, just as by the Western, up to the date of the Photian Schism.

Bishop Gore, in his lectures on "Catholicism and Roman Catholicism," which still have a wide circulation, was but repeating what he wrote many years ago in his "Roman Catholic Claims" when he stated:—

"The East never acknowledged the Roman claims to a divinely granted supremacy." "Recognition of the Papacy, as the West knew it, was never born in the Eastern Church." "At the schism of 1054 the Eastern Church did not abandon anything concerning the authority of St. Peter as persisting in the Roman Church which had at any period been part of its creed."²

If certain facts seem to prove the contrary, Dr. Gore proposes as his solution that "Easterns when hard pressed and needing the help of Rome, did from time to time seek to conciliate the Pope by the use of phrases such as would please him. That is the Eastern way, we know."

Dividing his work into three parts, the author examines the attitude of the East towards the papacy 1) in the period up to the Council of Nicæa, 2) from the foundation of Constantinople in 330 up to the passing of Rome under the protectorate of the Franks, and 3) during the period covered by the career of Photius.

The second period is obviously the most important for his thesis and he bases his conclusions mainly on the evidence of the General Councils, whose history he analyses. We give below Dr. Scott's own summary of the witness of Œcumenical Councils—all held in the East and mainly composed of Eastern Bishops—to the supremacy of the Successor of St. Peter.

If then, we take the evidence of Œcumenical Councils, as set out at length above, the records and documents of these assemblies show that the Easterns all along believed and ac-

¹ By the Rev. S. Herbert Scott, D.Phil., B.Litt. (Oxon.), F.R.H.S., Rector of Oddington. London: Sheed and Ward. Pp. 404. Price, 15s.

² These three erroneous statements, as well as the feeble evasion of contrary testimony, receive their death-blow at the hands of Dr. Scott.

cepted: 1) The primacy of the Bishop of Rome. 2) That the Bishop of Rome had that primacy because he was the Successor of St. Peter. 3) That Christ had given the headship of the Church to Peter: *i.e.*, that it was "of Divine Right." 4) That that headship was passed on and was, in fact, inherited by his successors in the bishopric of Rome, so that the Bishops of Rome held their headship, therefore, *de jure divino*, by divine ordinance. And further 5) The documents of Ephesus and Chalcedon (to take no others) show that these Eastern Councils, by accepting and promulgating the judgment and sentence of Celestine on Nestorius, and the exposition of the Catholic Faith, the Tome, from Leo, acknowledged the power and right of the Roman Bishop to declare authoritatively to the Universal Church what the Catholic Faith was (p. 352).

Dr. Scott seems to have noted and weighed all recent contributions to the Papal controversy and the wealth of quotation adds materially to the authority of his own deductions from the original available sources of historical information. The book is a direct challenge to Anglo-Catholic scholars. We hope that the difficulty of cracking Dr. Scott's controversial nut will not cause the book to be boycotted by the reviewers of the Anglican Press. Catholics will do well to have copies of the book to lend to non-Catholic sincere searchers after the truth, and they will serve the cause of conversions if, in season and out of season, they bring Dr. Scott's Dissertation to the notice of all who venture to question the truth that the Papal Supremacy was accepted by what Anglo-Catholics describe as "The Undivided Church." We owe a debt of gratitude to the author which we can all pay in the form of prayer that the final gift of Faith may be given him and that he may come to see that *schism is not a dislocation but an amputation*, and that to be out of communion with Peter's successor is to be outside the Church of Christ and cut off from the Visible Body of which the Pope is, as his book so clearly proves, by Christ's own appointment, the Visible Head.

F.W.

5—THE WRITINGS OF RICHARD ROLLE¹

IT would be difficult to show greater devotion to a mediæval writer than to spend upon his manuscript remains the enormous amount of labour of which every page in the monograph before us gives proof. We fear that for all the loving pains which Miss Hope Allen has bestowed upon her task no return

¹ *Writings ascribed to Richard Rolle, Hermit of Hampole, and materials for his Biography.* By Hope Emily Allen. London: Oxford University Press. Pp. xvi. 568. Price, 30s. net. 1928.

can be adequate. Virtue must here be its own reward. But the specialists who will have occasion to use the work in their own researches, the Committee of the Modern Language Association of America upon whose discernment and public spirit the undertaking reflects so much credit, and the ever-growing army of serious girl students who are keen about success in the research work which was formerly the monopoly of their male rivals, will not be wanting in appreciation of what Miss Allen has achieved. We are tempted to think that she has perhaps been even too meticulous, too conscientious, in her hunting down of every recorded text and of every reference which could afford a clue to the elucidation of the rather obscure problems of Richard Rolle's literary activities. The standard she sets would seem to demand too large a proportion of man's limited working days to be practicable for any but a very few.

Nevertheless, such a heroic example is profitable for all of us. It is hardly possible that anything in future will be discovered that can shed light upon the all too dim outlines of Richard Rolle's biography, or that can substantially modify the conclusions at which Miss Allen has arrived with regard to the authenticity of the writings which have been attributed to him. That much ignorance still prevails regarding the work of our most notable English mystic is a fact not very creditable to the veneration we profess for our fathers in the faith. Only a few months since, a widely-circulated Catholic weekly, making reference to the sale of the Peterborough Manuscript of "the Pricke of Conscience," described it as the most famous work of Richard Rolle. The fact is that, as Miss Allen herself was the first to demonstrate, now nearly twenty years ago, "the internal evidence against his authorship, for anyone who knows his authentic writings, is overwhelming." Similarly our author rejects quite a number of the pieces included by Carl Horstmann in the two volumes which he edited in 1895-6. We can do no more here than confidently endorse Miss Allen's conclusions and the canons of criticism which she applies. She is undoubtedly right in laying great stress upon the mystical element which recurs in a rather peculiar form in all our Yorkshire ascetic's undoubted writings. It must be confessed that when the sixth lesson of the Office prepared for Richard's hoped for canonization declares that all his compositions "in cordibus devotorum dulcissimam resonant harmoniam," the writer seems to have been somewhat unduly biased by the literary taste of his age. Surely the extravagant alliteration which is protracted often for pages together in his most rhapsodic passages imparts a certain artificiality to the style which detracts from true devotional feeling. Just as the Euphuism of Father Southwell's "Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears" is too self-conscious to allow the reader ever to be ab-

sorbed in the thought and to forget the manner of expression, so it is difficult not to be irritated when sentence follows sentence always harping on the letter. For example—"Positus in presenti paciens pressuras, pro pane perhenni puto quod potero ad plenam pertingere pascum paradisi et in publicum procedere, probatus postillator, scrutinii scripture masticans medullam, ut degam delicate dulcoribus divinis." One curiously interesting point in the same sixth lesson, just referred to, is a passage which I take to be the earliest known reference to the psychic phenomenon which is now called automatism. If we may adopt Miss Allen's translation—when certain visitors came to beg Richard's spiritual counsel and found him busily writing, "they begged him to desist, in order to give them some words of edification, and for two successive hours he proceeded to give them excellent exhortations, while, at the same time, never ceasing his writing—and all the while what he was writing was not the same as what he was speaking." Many modern automatists, notably Mrs. Curran, the medium to whom we owe the Patience Worth literature, find that the automatic writing proceeds most smoothly when they are conversing about some quite different matter.

If our review of Miss Hope Allen's admirable and scholarly work has been somewhat delayed, it was in the expectation of being able to devote an article to some of the many points of interest which arise in connection with it, for example the question of the early developments of that devotion to the Holy Name of Jesus which was so enthusiastically propagated by St. Joan of Arc and St. Bernardine of Siena. But that purpose must for the present be postponed and we can only reiterate that the book before us abounds in topics which are full of suggestion for students of mediæval mysticism.

6—THE TREASURY OF THE FAITH¹

WITH the present six volumes, this excellent enterprise is half accomplished, i.e., if the Editor does not see fit to add a treatise on Holy Scripture. Fr. Martindale's discussion of human destiny is a model of clear-thinking: it is not till the last chapter that he supplements by revelation what reason has to say about the End of Man. His exposure of the slovenly logic of the "modern mind," due to faulty psychology, is especially useful.

¹ *Man and His Destiny* (9). By C. C. Martindale, S.J. *Jesus Christ: Man of Sorrows* (13). By Archbishop Goodier, S.J. *The Supernatural Virtues* (18). By Rev. T. E. Flynn, Ph.D. *Sin and Repentance* (26). By Rev. E. J. Mahoney, D.D. *The Resurrection of the Body* (34). By J. McCann, O.S.B. *The Church Triumphant* (35). By Rev. J. P. Arendzen, Ph.D. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Fp. (about) 90 each. Price, 1s. and 2s.

Archbishop Goodier, whose previous volume on Christ as our Model has been wonderfully successful, takes up and develops, with a deep and intimate knowledge of the sacred text, that particular lesson which the life of Christ so emphatically enforces—the character and value of suffering rightly borne,—and shows how thoroughly the lesson was learnt by those who became the pillars of His Church. There is no point in which heresy goes so easily astray and which humanitarianism so completely misunderstands as the nature of Christian asceticism. Here we have its character luminously set forth—"the mind that was in Christ Jesus."

In "The Supernatural Virtues" Dr. T. E. Flynn assaults and takes the main position of humanitarianism, *sc.*, that there is no supernatural. After showing what, essentially, virtue is,—a habit affecting either the nature of the agent or his activities, he proves that what obtains for nature also obtains for supernature, with the development of which virtue is more properly associated. A clear account of the functions of the theological and cardinal virtues is followed by a description of those *charismata* which we particularly assign to the indwelling and operation of the Holy Spirit.

Dr. E. J. Mahoney in "Sin and Repentance" deals with a subject which the modern world endeavours to put out of mind or misrepresent. Sin is a breach of law; law implies a law-giver; breach of law, a judge and punishment. All these things frighten the world as they frightened the most excellent Festus, but they do not cease to exist because put out of mind. This little treatise is meant for the instruction of conscience, and a well-instructed conscience is a thing too rare. Especially to be commended is the chapter on venial sin.

The fact of our bodily Resurrection is a fact of faith: the manner is shrouded in mystery. Dom Justin McCann expounds what is of faith and discusses the various attempts to penetrate the mystery of the manner. His conclusion—and the common teaching—is that it is not enough to say that identity of personality in the risen life depends on the soul alone: there must also be in some real sense identity of bodily substance. The whole affair is a miracle—an exercise of omnipotence: how then can we doubt its possibility?

The glories of the risen body will be only a small part of that complex of happiness which characterizes the Church Triumphant. Dr. Arendzen gives us an enticing picture of what we are told in revelation of the joys of Heaven, although human thought and language must acknowledge the limitations so graphically sketched by St. Paul. It is surprising, notwithstanding, how much has been revealed: and what a glow the prospect should throw over the most dull and hard of earthly existences.

7—FRUITS OF THE CAMBRIDGE SUMMER SCHOOL¹

THE annual gathering at Cambridge of students and scholars, which was inaugurated in 1921 with the warm encouragement of the late Archbishop Keating, then Bishop of the diocese, and through the energy and zeal of Fr. Cuthbert Lattey S.J., and other theological professors, has had pragmatic justification, not only in stimulus towards a fuller understanding of the faith, given to the immediate audiences, but also in the published records of the lectures delivered, which now form a useful theological library, popular yet scholarly in treatment and dealing with very practical subjects. These since 1921 have been:— *The Religion of the Scriptures*, *Catholic Faith in the Holy Eucharist*, *The Papacy*, *St. Thomas Aquinas*, *The Incarnation*, *The Atonement*, *The Church* and finally *The English Martyrs*. In all these points the Catholic faith stands out clear, consistent, unchanging, solid, based on infallible revelation infallibly mediated, well tested by the many needs of mind and soul that it has to satisfy, and buttressed by the witness of the holiest and wisest of mankind. We have only to look around us at the earnest gropings after truth, philosophical and theological, constantly issued by non-Catholics, and resulting in a wild turmoil of changing opinion, to realize what would have happened everywhere had Christ failed to preserve in His Church "the faith once delivered to the Saints."

The two volumes under review are each capably introduced by the general editor, Fr. C. Lattey, who points out the exact bearing of the doctrines discussed and contrasts the harmonious Catholic teaching with the faulty and erroneous conceptions of the sects. *The Atonement* is dealt with positively at first. Dr. Arendzen shows how the doctrine is stated in the Old Testament and in the Gospels. Fr. Lattey makes the teaching of St. Paul, both as to the Act itself and Body for whom it was offered, stand out from a discussion of his Epistles. Dr. Barton devotes himself to the Epistle to the Hebrews and Dr. Hugh Pope to the Latin Fathers. The speculative treatment of the doctrine by the Scholastics is then elaborated by Fr. Reeves, O.P. Sin, the *raison d'être* of the Atonement, is analysed theologically, with constant reference to Scripture and to the manifold false theories which arose both before and after Luther, by the Rev. A. Bonnar, O.F.M., while Dr. Towers explains the functions of the Sacraments as channels of the grace won by the Atonement. What havoc has been made with traditional Catholic teaching by modern Protestant free-thinkers, and not only with the doctrine of the Atonement but

¹ *The Atonement* (1926), by various Contributors. Pp. xx. 309. Price, 7s. 6d. net. *The Church* (1927). By various Contributors. Pp. xiv. 303. Price, 7s. 6d. net. Both edited by C. Lattey, S.J. Cambridge: Heffer and Sons.

also with the very Nature of God, is the subject of a keenly-critical lecture by Dr. Grimley.

Our chief quarrel with our separated brethren concerns the nature and providential function of the Church established by Christ. In the series of papers on this important subject, the candid inquirer will find, set forth from every aspect, the Catholic's reasons for his belief that Christ founded one only Church, with a definite creed and code of morals authoritatively and infallibly communicated to her members, and with the charge of mediating, not only the revelation of God but the grace of Christ to all ages. The foreshadowing of this great institution in the Old Testament, and its actual description and formation in the New are the subjects of papers by Dr. Arendzen and Fr. Martindale respectively. Fr. Hugh Pope, O.P. describes the great doctrine of St. Paul—the Church as the Mystical Body of Christ. The gradual enrichment of the doctrine before Nicæa is the theme of Dr. Rhodes, of Oscott, and its subsequent developments under the great Popes, St. Leo I. and St. Gregory I., of Rev J. H. Byrne, of Womersley. Dr. Grimley shows that the characteristics of the Church our Lord sketched in the Gospels are to be found in the Catholic Church only, and the lately-consecrated Archbishop of Liverpool, Dr. Downey, proves that the Church so founded cannot fail and cannot err. All-important, in considering the question of sacerdotal orders, is the matter of jurisdiction expounded by Fr. Geddes. The great historic departures from Unity, known as the Donatist, the Byzantine and the Anglican schisms, are exhaustively dealt with, respectively, by Fr. Pope, Dom J. Chapman, O.S.B., and Mr. Joseph Clayton. The two latter subjects are of importance to-day, and both lecturers make that importance clear with reference to current controversies.

Both volumes are adequately indexed and furnished with copious bibliographies.

SHORT NOTICES.

THEOLOGICAL.

THE appearance every now and then of a posthumous work by Père Léonce de Grandmaison, S.J., reminds us of the loss which the premature death of that fine scholar caused us, whilst supplying in some measure what we have lost. The two great volumes of his "Life of Christ," to be presently reviewed, were an unforeseen legacy of immense value, and now comes another collection of essays round a central theme, Christian dogma, which puts us more in his debt. One might wish that *Le Dogme Chrétien: sa Nature, ses Formules, son Développement* (Beauchesne: 15.00 fr.) were in the hands of the Anglican Congress which is presently to deliberate at Cheltenham and which is threatened with an incursion of Modernism. Here we have sketched by the pen of a master the true theory of development contrasted with the false, and

the limits which the Church's *magisterium* imposes on, or rather the guidance it provides for, the natural evolution of doctrine. Outside this guidance the undisciplined human intellect destroys the deposit of faith, and there is no means of checking it. If there were no infallible Church, then the wild and changing speculations of Modernism would be lawful, for so only could the individual express his sincerity and zeal for truth. Père de Grandmaison shows that there is plenty of scope and need for speculation provided for the Christian intellect within and beyond the limits of dogma. The essays cover a period of thirty years and are not correlated save by unity of subject, but the author, were he alive to revise them, would need only to add modern instances to bring them up to date.

BIBLICAL.

The reading public has given clear signs of its appreciation of the two volumes entitled *Évangile selon S. Luc*, traduit et commenté par les PP. Albert Valensin et Joseph Huby, S.J., and *Évangile selon S. Jean*, traduit et commenté par le P. Alfred Durand, S.J. (Beauchesne: 24.00 fr. each). These both belong to the series happily styled "Verbum Salutis," and both have now reached a sixth edition. They are intended rather for the educated reader than for the student. The plan comprises a general introduction and then a French translation of the Gospel, divided into suitable sections, each followed by a continuous commentary. The books are thus suited for spiritual reading, and not only for study, as is the case with commentaries which take the sacred text verse by verse. In St. Luke xxiv. 13 our translators adopt the reading "160 stades," which shows that they incline to identify Emmaus with Amwas-Nicopolis and not with el-Kubeibeh. Is there any ground for supposing that Jonas worked miracles at Ninive to attest the truth of his teaching (p. 223)? The evidence is against taking "the bosom of Abraham" as a name of a part of Sheol (p. 301). Further discussion is desirable of the meaning of Our Lord's words: "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise" (p. 419). A common, but unsatisfactory, explanation is given of Our Lord's proof of the resurrection against the Sadducees from the words: "He is not the God of the dead but of the living." To take Our Lord to imply that, therefore, Abraham is now alive is to force the meaning of words. They only are living whose souls and bodies are united, and, as God who is the God of Abraham, is the God of the living, it follows that the day will dawn when Abraham will live again with his soul re-united to his body. Father Durand rightly points out that the abundance of water in Shechem, on the site of the modern Nablus, is against the supposition that its inhabitants went to the Well of Jacob to draw water, but he fails to notice that the same difficulty holds good against el-'Askar, with which he rightly identifies Sychar, where there is an excellent spring of flowing water. It is very probable that the woman was working in the fields, or possibly was attracted by the sanctity attaching to the well consecrated by the memory of the great patriarch. Father Durand appears to incline to the opinion that Our Lord, the night before He suffered, did not eat the legal Jewish Pasch (p. 563). On the words of the Jews, "When the Christ cometh, no one knoweth whence he is" (John vii. 27), he

recalls a popular belief that the Messiah was to appear unexpectedly and, as it were, fall from Heaven. This widely-spread idea explains admirably why the Devil tempted Our Lord to throw Himself down from a pinnacle of the temple.

DEVOTIONAL.

A yet further work on the Little Flower comes to us in *Méditations sur Ste. Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus dans sa famille*, by Abbé Arnaud D'Angel (Téqui, Paris). It is a volume of 265 pages, and contains some eighty meditations, which trace the growth of the saint before she entered Carmel, and show the action and reaction of her family surroundings upon her. It is a book for the home.

Le Crucifix: Retraite sacerdotale, by R. P. J. Baragnon, O.P. (Paris, Lethielleux: 12.00 fr.), is a course of retreat meditations delivered to some six hundred priests of the diocese of Nantes, in September, 1921. With his eyes fixed in turn on some special part of the body of Our Lord,—the eyes, the lips, the ears, the shoulders, etc.,—the author in eloquent addresses draws appropriate lessons. They may easily be made to help others besides priests.

The gap which exists in the best of us between profession and practice and of which St. Paul so pathetically complains, is yet capable, indefinitely, of being narrowed or filled up, and it is our Christian duty always to attend to this task. The Book called *Christ is All* (Sands: 3s. 6d. n.) which Father J. Carr, C.S.S.R., has lately published is well calculated to assist us, for it tells us in simple yet eloquent language how completely Christ should live in the Christian. He is our Last End, our Teacher, our Physician, our Food, our Model, our Friend and so forth. There is no season of life, no phase of activity, into which He should not enter. We should "put on Christ," not as a garment but as an inward disposition. If Father Carr's book shows us that we are not half, nor quarter Christian, it will have given us a motive both for repentance and amendment. If it succeeds in Christianizing a larger proportion of our energies, it will have advanced the more the Kingdom of Christ in the world, which should be the goal of our endeavours. The writer has a keen eye to discern the worldliness which from the first has opposed Christian virtue and ruthlessly lays bare the subterfuges by means of which so many try to combine the service of God and mammon. A vivid, truthful, powerful and stimulating book.

The intelligence of man like his muscles is developed by being used aright. It should be developed as soon as it is capable of being used. It should be brought into contact with truth, which is its food, so that it can assimilate it. And the most important truth should be imparted, according to its capacity, first. That is why Catholics who are assured of religious truth are, or should be, so anxious that their children should know it from the beginning. Miss (or Mrs.) Lillian Clark is so convinced of this that she has actually written a retreat-book for little children, called *I Belong to God* (Longmans: 6s.), the object of which is to imprint that fundamental truth, with all that it implies, on the minds of children as soon as they can think. It is arranged in a series of nine story-talks which may form a three-days' retreat, and its tender and edifying letter-press is illustrated by various

pen and ink sketches, of much beauty, by Miss Claire Armstrong. A book for mothers and sisters and aunts and school-teachers.

A hundred and thirty-nine page-long considerations, touching as many points of Christian belief and practice, are contained in Father Raoul Plus's latest book—**Facing Life: Meditations for Young Women** (B.O. and W.: 3s. 6d.). A happy gift of illustration gives point to these informal readings, which, nevertheless, are arranged according to a certain plan and are calculated to spiritualize each day as it passes.

From the Catholic Mission of Assam comes a useful little **Handbook on Religious Life**, translated from the third (1922) edition of the Rev. John Zolin's work. Primarily intended for his own Order, the Salesians, it is in its general scope adapted to all Religious, and deals briefly by way of question and answer with the scope and obligations of the life under religious vows. Beyond an occasional stiffness in the English there is nothing to question in its form, whilst its substance is for the most part excellent.

A most important point of moral teaching is developed in a pamphlet called **Perfect Contrition: a Golden Key of Heaven** (Herder: 2d.), composed by Rev. J. Van Den Driesch and now in its 23rd edition. It develops the scope and effects of that supernaturally-motivated turning of the will to God from attachment to sin to which the name is given and thus puts within reach of many, who might be otherwise destitute, the means of salvation.

A re-issue of **A Year's Thoughts from the Writings of Father William Doyle** (Longmans: 2s. 6d.) indicates that the sterling Christian spirituality of this true soldier of Christ continues to be appreciated. The humour which is combined with his ascetic teaching shows that one may be supernatural without ceasing to be natural.

HISTORICAL.

Local history, perhaps, and limited at that, still **The Franciscans and Dominicans of Exeter**, by A. G. Little, M.A., F.B.A., and R. C. Easterling, M.A. (Exeter, A. Wheaton & Co.: 7s. 6d.), is an admirable monograph produced by the "History of Exeter Research Group." This Group, like others in the country, has realized the need of concentrating on a single spot, and of long years of painstaking research, if an adequate general history is to be produced. While preparing for the final work which we may never see, the Group has undertaken the publication of monographs, collecting the fruits of its research as they become complete. The present monograph, covering the history of the Franciscans and Dominicans in Exeter from their foundation to their suppression, is built upon authentic documents, many of which are published in an appendix.

Indian Historical Readers is the general title of four volumes written by Father James H. Gense, S.J., of Bombay (Macmillan: 12 annas each). They are intended chiefly to give Indian students a foundation knowledge of themselves and their own people; but we feel in reading them that many besides students will find these summaries both interesting and useful. Or rather they are not summaries; it would be better to call them collections of landmarks. The first volume: **Rulers in Indian History**, selects for separate essays the nine most conspicuous

masters of the country, from Alexander the Great to Queen Victoria. The second: *Races in Indian History*, contains eleven essays, beginning with the aborigines, and ending with the European Settlers; this to us is the most instructive of the set. The third volume: *Romance in Indian History*, gives eleven chapters on the country's growth and development. The fourth: *Rulers in Indian History*, is a useful introduction to Indian politics. Father Gense is a born teacher, as is well known in Bombay city; in these four books he has brought to bear all his experience, and it is safe to prophesy for them a circulation no less than that of the author's former works.

Out of the moving pages of Challoner's *Lives* and other sources of martyr-lore, M.T.D. has selected a series of episodes concerning the martyrs of Lancashire and connected them with a pleasant story, involving visits to houses and places which retain their memories. It is a book which should tend to increase devotion to those to whom we owe so much. The book is called *The Four Pilgrims* (Sands: 2s. n.).

The series of studies to which M. Maurice Vaussard gives the title *Sur la nouvelle Italie* (Librairie Valois, Paris: 15.00 fr.) belongs to the philosophy of history, for the author does not so much chronicle events as speculate on their nature and bearing. He is a candid critic but also a friend: qualified both by knowledge and sympathy to discuss the development of Italy both in the political and literary sphere. After a general survey of the fortunes of Catholicism in Italy during last century, he examines the results of that country being privileged to be the seat of the Papacy. In this connection he does not shrink from the delicate question of the Italianization of the government of the Church—a result natural enough in the circumstances but capable, if unchecked, of weakening the force of her Catholicity. One learns with a certain surprise that there are in Italy 73 Episcopal Sees with less than 100,000 Catholic subjects each and 62 with less than 50,000. His account of the character of Italian Freemasonry, exposed philosophically by Croce and Gentili before being suppressed by the State, is very illuminating. He treats of Fascism only indirectly in his chapter on the Foreign Policy of Italy and does not pronounce upon its morality. In the literary section of his study he has much to say about the influence of Catholicism and he concludes by a searching analysis of M. Ferrero's pessimistic attitude towards the problem of world-peace. The book is valuable on account of its sobriety of tone and the excellence of its documentation.

Co-operation in sin is achieved by silence when protest is a duty. Judged by that moral standard a great proportion of the world's press must share the guilt of the Anti-Catholic persecution in Mexico. The facts have been trumpeted abroad from scores of reliable sources, ranging from Papal encyclicals to the letters of individuals. Yet little proportionate reaction is perceptible in that medium which is so sensitive even to whispered rumour. Another attempt to reach the conscience of mankind is made by *Le Mexique Martyr* (Bonne Presse: 3.00 fr.), by Père Bessières, who tells the tale of four years' shooting, torture and pillage of thousands of Catholics in Mexico by an atheistic Government. The book forms a terrible indictment of the Calles regime, and it chronicles as well all that the Pope and Bishops, the Catholic press and

Societies have done to rouse public opinion to protest. Both as a work of reference and an historical document this publication is invaluable.

Bishop Henry Streicher of Uganda has written a thrilling story of modern Sainthood—**The Blessed Martyrs of Uganda** (The Priory, Bishop's Waltham.)—being the account of the short life and glorious death of twenty-six young Catholic negroes, put to death by a ferocious Pagan King during the years 1885—1887. Their death was the cause, in God's providence, of a wonderful extension of the faith in those parts where the Church now flourishes under the guidance of the heroic White Fathers.

SOCIOLOGICAL.

The Rev. Patrick McDowell has published, with the title **The Church and Economics: an Essay on the Development of Catholic Economic Teaching** (Sheed and Ward: 3s. 6d. n.), his thesis for his Maynooth Doctorate. It is a clear and able survey of the manner in which the social principles, latent or expressed in the revelation of Christ, reacted to the changing conditions of human society during Christian times. Social teaching, for the most part, concerns the right attitude of the individual towards the goods of an earth of which he is only a transient inhabitant. Justice and charity are the two great virtues involved. Dr. McDowell confines himself almost entirely to economic development, though he touches on the far-spread results of the Christian revelation of the transcendent value of the individual soul. And his treatment is mainly historical: it is to other longer and more detailed treatises that the student must look for the application of the Church's moral law to economic problems. But such a summary as this is necessary if the sociologist is to have clearly in mind what is fixed and fundamental and what is capable of accommodation to circumstances. Our study clubs will welcome the book.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

In spite of the deserved popularity of St. Francis Xavier, and in spite of the accounts that have been given of him, the final authentic life still remains to be written. The nearer one comes into contact with the saint, the more the accepted story of his wonderful ten years bristles with problems and difficulties. Father Schurhammer, S.J., is engaged upon a life of the saint in four volumes which will attempt to give us the authentic record, founded on the latest documents discovered. In the meantime he has published a preliminary and shorter life: **St. Francis Xavier: The Apostle of India and Japan**, which has been "freely adapted from the German" by Frank J. Eble, M.A. (Herder: 9s. n.). The volume, but for one chapter, might almost be described as an itinerary of the saint; a good foundation on which to begin. But when one has read this book the problems still remain; indeed, some seem to stand out more sharply than ever. Let us hope that in the later and larger work they will be solved.

It is characteristic of the humble and zealous Daughters of the Cross that they should give us the life of their great foundress in so modest a form as that which we have received. **The Venerable Mother Marie**

Thérèse Haze, by J. de M. (Sands: 6s. n.), was a soul with an almost infinite horizon; nothing seemed to be outside her scope, whether in spiritual things or in work. Her childhood was spent amid the agonies of the French Revolution; her amazing courage was drawn from that of the Cross; with the Cross as her emblem she was able to inspire others to almost any degree of sacrifice. And yet there always remained that quiet self-effacement, that disregard of personal reward, which is the marked feature of her daughters to the present day. The second part of this volume, giving some account of the work being done by her Congregation throughout the world, proves how her labour has been blessed.

The heroic days of the Church in Japan are recalled in **A Prisoner in Japan: Carlo Spinola, S.J.**, by D. Donnelly, S.J. (Sheed and Ward: 3s. 6d. n.), which is a life of the glorious martyr written for the benefit of the American boy, with that vividness of setting and racy realism of dialogue in which American authors of books for youth excel. America is of to-day; it looks through the past to the present; to interpret a past generation it flings itself boldly into that age and speaks there its own language, even as it flings itself across the world in travel. So is Spinola interpreted in this book. It is a living method, dealing with a life which, for heroic sacrifice, stands out in the history of men.

HOMILETICAL.

It is a commonplace that a writer needs to be more circumspect than a speaker: hence the risk of turning sermons, unless carefully revised, into books. We have in **The Great Adventure**, by the Rev. John McClorey, S.J. (Herder: 4s. n.), a course of six Lenten Lectures on the personality and meaning of Our Lord, studying Him in different phases from the Incarnation to the Resurrection. The author is rhetorical, and speaks to an audience that may be presumed to interpret him aright. Still, to us, when we read these addresses with reflection, we find, in the midst of much that is inspiring, not a few sentences and statements which make us hesitate to give them the praise we would. Let us take the Introduction alone. Is it quite safe to say that "the idea of God becoming a man to captivate men was beyond the wildest poet's dream until it was embodied in a fact"? Or that "the triumph of the Cross appeared too absurd to be true until it was accomplished"? Or that "to propose a system of life and a scheme of morality without Christ in it, is as ridiculous as to present a play without a hero"? What of the Asiatic Incarnations? What of the book of Job? What of Moses and the Ten Commandments?

NON-CATHOLIC.

There is no trace of Emil Ludwig's bizarre and blasphemous conception of Our Lord in **The Light of Christ**, by John S. Hoyland, M.A., the Swarthmore Lecture for 1928 (Swarthmore Press: 2s. 6d.), which gives an aspect of Christ according to the mind of the Society of Friends. But it is nearly as much astray; being rather, to our view, the light thrown on Christ by Plato, and then by the Bhagval-Gita. The aim of the writer is to insist that, until Christ is studied from such angles, He cannot be rightly understood. Incidentally we think that

if this book falls into the hands of Dean Inge, even he will smile when he finds himself described as "the greatest English Churchman of our own day."

One remark of the Rev. F. A. Iremonger in his well-written and breezy compilation, **Men and Movements in the Church** (Longmans: 4s. 6d. n.), illustrates his idea in publishing the book, which is a collection of "interviews" mostly taken from *The Guardian* and written by him when he was its editor. "It takes all sorts to make a Church," he says and, in regard to his own particular body, he proves his statement up to the hilt. There are thirteen interviews here, beginning with Dr. Inge and having as penultimate Dr. Barnes. None of the half-score in between would subscribe to the same creed, whilst some like the Rev. H. Sheppard, would have done with dogma altogether. All are men of high purpose and abundant zeal but none of them has any clear belief in the real object and abiding results of the Incarnation. If one wished to prove the necessity of an infallible authority in order to perpetuate Christ's work, the proof is here: without it all is chaos and contradiction. Fancy giving this book to an enquirer, and saying: "here is the teaching of Christ's Church!" The enquirer might reasonably retort—"you have given me thirteen different ways of regarding Christianity; which am I to choose and what authority has any of them other than man's fallible reason?" Mr. Iremonger is typically Anglican in dealing with all these divergent views: in spite of his various comments on them, one cannot gather his own.

FICTION.

Miss Molly Veness might have called her novel, **Towards Freedom** (Sands: 7s. 6d. n.), "a study of temperament," for she traces the development of a sensitive, artistic character, from childhood to maturity through many moods and fortunes. Lack of incident is made up for by interesting analysis of reactions and, in a very subtle way, the efforts of the hero towards proper self-expression are shown to fail for want of the support and discipline to be found in the knowledge of the truth.

Though in the guise of fiction Father Eustace Dudley's **The Challenge: a Story of Conspiracy and the coming Crash** (Longmans: 4s.) is a valuable social and religious treatise, pointing out the logical development of certain modern tendencies if unchecked. Such glimpses of the future form a favourite theme for novelists, and Father Dudley, of course, knows of Mgr. Benson's essays in that line. But his conception has greater verisimilitude than had "The Lord of the World," for it is a system rather than a person which attains a certain universality, engineered not so much by Communists as by Freemasons, whose achievement results on the civil side in the Corporative State, as created by S. Mussolini. But Peterson, the English dictator, tries to do without the Catholic Church and finding it grow, in spite of him, is inspired by Satan to try to suppress it. The inspiration takes the shape of actual obsession and the priest who heads the Catholic reaction, and who is a personal friend of the dictator, has to engage in a moving struggle for the soul of the victim. There is nothing very striking or original in the general framework of the story, but the essential opposition between Naturalism or Humanitarianism and the supernatural religion revealed by Christ is eloquently and convincingly described.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. J.-L. Gaston-Pastre in his reflections upon Feminism, which he calls *L'Eternel Féminin* (Téqui: 6.00 fr.), includes much more than the political franchise which Frenchwomen have not yet achieved. His feminism embraces the false as well as the true developments in the emancipation of women, and he has much to say about divorce and kindred evils. He has read widely on the subject, including our C.S.G. book on "Christian Feminism," but comes, it seems to us, to no very definite conclusion on several points. On the suffrage, however, he is clear, following the lead of Benedict XV. who once declared—"We would fain see women voters everywhere." The author pleads for similar guidance in other matters, but it is unlikely that the Church will do more than she has done, and that is, equivalently, to teach that no pursuit or occupation should be denied to women unless it hampers or destroys her providential rôle in the human economy.

A very useful little book on married life—*Vers la Perfection conjugale* (Lethielloux: 12.00 fr.), by the late Father Vuillermet, O.P.—consists mainly of advice to young people on life together in that intimate state. He warns them that, however good they may be, the conclusion of the fairy tale, "they lived happy ever after," is dangerous as an assumption; that for happy married life much must be both given and taken; and he analyses both the content of that give-and-take and its spirit.

Mr. F. N. Blundell, M.P., who writes on *The Agricultural Problem* (Sheed and Ward: 1s. n.), has the advantage of knowing by experience what he talks about, unlike theorists who prescribe remedies without any clear notion of the disease. In addition to being a practical farmer, Mr. Blundell has served on various Committees, both municipal and governmental, connected with agriculture, and thus has viewed the question through the minds of others as well. Accordingly his discussion of the question is very thorough and competent, and he discloses many aspects which the less-experienced are apt to overlook. We may presume, for instance, that our legislators did not intend the effect of levying death-duties indiscriminately upon agricultural and industrial properties—viz., the slow but steady withdrawal of the land from cultivation,—but that is precisely what has happened. We cannot follow the author in his criticisms of the various political palliatives for the situation that have been proposed, with none of which he agrees. But though he emphasizes the extreme dependence of the farmer on that very uncertain thing, the weather, he is still optimistic, and holds that the agriculturist, if he will rely on himself and be content with small profits, if he will combine with his fellows in marketing, and generally change the mentality induced by past periods of depression, may in view of recent legislative changes make a good thing, for himself, his dependants, and the country, out of agriculture. The book has several useful appendices, and should prove a stimulus to "our greatest industry."

As, according to Milton, the "scanning of error" is a help to the understanding of truth, M. L. Cozens has done a useful service to Apologetic by compiling *A Handbook of Heresies* (Sheed and Ward: 3s. 6d.)—a succinct account of the various deviations from orthodoxy which have marked the history of the Church from her foundation.

The work is well done and the heresies are adequately described in their main features. We are glad to see the Elizabethan origin of Anglicanism clearly insisted on.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

In their original form, we are told, the **Thoughts of St. Ignatius Loyola** (B.O. and W.: 2s. 6d.), translated by A. McDougall, were severally followed by expository comments which the present compiler has omitted. Some of these thoughts, briefly-worded and divorced from their context, might be misunderstood without some explanation. However, we have abundance here of spiritual wisdom pithily expressed.

In the same series, **The Thoughts of St. Bernard of Clairvaux** (same publishers and price), translated and arranged for every day of the year by the Rev. Watkin W. Williams, who is not, we fancy, a Catholic, has the distinction of a Preface by the Superior General of the Cistercians. The renaissance of St. Bernard's fame in modern times will be helped by this revelation of the holiness and serenity of his soul.

A grateful convert, G.M.B., who owes conversion to the devout saying of the Rosary, has been led to compile an account of the various forms this devotion takes, with the title **A Rosary of Rosaries** (B.O. and W.: 3s. 6d.). The number—thirty-three—is surprisingly large, but some seem rather of the character of litanies. However, all are approved by the Church, and the Indulgences to be gained by their devout recital are carefully tabulated.

Shortly before his lamented death the late Lord Braye republished a vigorous satire, called **High Church, Low Church, No Church** (Sands: 1s.), in the style of Pope, with which the chaos of Anglicanism in 1875 had inspired him. The chaos has increased and the satire still has force. Obscure allusions in the text are explained in notes which present an interesting record of Anglican sayings and doings some fifty years ago. The verse is capable and occasionally rises to epigram.

The C.T.S. has rarely been so prolific in output as lately, although the bulk of its publications are still reprints. Amongst the new are **An Introductory Talk on the Catholic Religion**, by Rev. G. J. MacGillivray, a reasoned account of the reasonableness of Catholicity in all relations of life; **The Early Russian Church and the Papacy**, by the late Rt. Rev. H. K. Mann; **East and West in the Unity of Christ**, by Bishop d'Herbigny [these two are especially useful in view of the recent Papal Encyclical on the Eastern Churches]; **Catholic Rites and Pagan Customs**, by Sir Bertram Windle, an answer to the Frazerian school; **Sister Mary Celeste**, an edifying biography of a still uncanonized saint, by one of her Order, a Redemptoristine; **The Ordination of a Priest**, text in Latin and English. Reprints include **Kindness to Animals**, by E. M. Grange; **The Black Duty**, a story; and **Ven. Don Bosco**, by Mrs. R. Barker (revised).

The Year Book of the Salford Diocesan Branch of the C.T.S. discloses a commendable list of activities past and prospective. The sale of pamphlets by which the utility of the Society can be roughly measured, was, in this 37th Session, over 70,000, a record for the Branch. It is hoped that in 1929-30, Centenary Year, to attain 100,000. This hope is based on the satisfactory growth and prospects of the Box-Tenders' Association.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

- ABBAYE SAINT-MARTIN DE LIGUËRE,**
Vienne.
Eremites et Reclus. By Dom L. Gougaud, O.S.B. Pp. iii. 144. Price, 12.00 fr.
- AFRICAN MISSIONS.** Bishop's Waltham.
The Blessed Martyrs of Uganda. By Bishop H. Streicher. Pp. 60. Price, 6d.
- AMERICA PRESS,** New York.
The Catholic Mind. Vol. XXVI. Nos. 13-17.
- BONARDI,** Calcutta.
A Handbook on Religious Life. By Rev. J. Zolin, S.C. Pp. ii. 127. Price, 1s. 2d.
- BEAUCHEUNE,** Paris.
Jesus Christ. By L. de Grandmaison, S.J. 3^e édit. 2 Vols. Pp. xxxviii. 412, 694. Price, 100.00 fr. *Le Dogme Chrétien.* By L. de Grandmaison, S.J. Pp. 332. Price, 15.00 fr.
- BURNS, OATES AND WASHBOURNE,** London.
The Jesus Story-Book. Illustrated by Benedictines of Talacre. Pp. 32. Price, 1s. *St. Alphonsus Liguori.* By a Sister of Notre Dame. Pp. viii. 167. Price, 4s. 6d. *St. Teresa's Christmas Carols.* Translated by a Benedictine of Stanbrook. Pp. 16. Price, 1s. *Meditations on the Love of God.* By Père Grou. Translated by the Benedictines of Teignmouth. Pp. viii. 226. Price, 6s. *Summa Contra Gentiles.* Vol. III. Parts 1 and 2. Translated by the English Dominicans. Pp. viii. 210: viii. 218. Price, 12s. each.
- C.T.S.,** London.
Many Twopenny Pamphlets and Reprints.
- DENT AND SON,** London.
Blake's Innocence and Experience. Edited by Jos. H. Wicksteed, M.A. Illustrated. Pp. 301. Price, 21s.
- HEFFER,** Cambridge.
The Church. Edited by C. Lattey, S.J. Pp. xiv. 303. Price, 7s. 6d. n. *The Atonement.* Edited by C. Lattey, S.J. Pp. xx. 309. *Ideas and Revelation.* By F. W. Kingston, B.D. Pp. viii. 138. Price, 4s. 6d. n.
- HEATH AND CO.,** London.
Introductory Sociology. By Albert Muntch, S.J., and H. S. Spalding, S.J. Pp. xiv. 466. Price, \$2.45.
- HERDER,** London.
Godward. By Rev. F. A. Houck. Pp. xvi. 267. Price, 7s. n. *Meditations for the Laity.* By Rev. A. Rung. Pp. x. 532. Price, 12s. 6d. *Conferences for Religious Communities.* By A. Muntch, S.J. Pp. 250. Price, 6s. *Perfect Contrition.* By Rev. J. Von Den Driesch. Pp. 31. Price, 2d.
- KEGAN PAUL AND CO.,** London.
The Life of Jesus Christ. By Père Didon, O.P. Pp. xv. 399. Price, 10s. 6d. n.
- LONGMANS,** London.
Men and Movements in the Church. By Rev. F. A. Iremonger. Pp. vi. 154. Price, 3s. 6d. n. and 4s. 6d. n. *The Eucharistic Fast.* By H. Thurston, S.J. Pp. 27. Price, 1s. *The New Learning and the Old Faith.* By Canon A. W. Robinson. Pp. x. 84. Price, 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. *The Varieties of Religious Experience.* By W. James. Pp. xii. 534. Price, 6s. n. *The Challenge.* By Eustace Dudley, B.A. Pp. ix. 133. Price, 4s.
- SANDS & CO.,** London.
Christ in All. By Rev. F. Carr, C.S.S.R. Pp. 152. Price, 3s. 6d. n.
- SHEED AND WARD,** London.
The Agricultural Problem. By F. N. Blundell, M.P. Pp. 90. Price, 1s. n. *Studies on the Early Papacy.* By Dom John Chapman. Pp. 238. Price, 7s. 6d. n. *The Eastern Churches and the Papacy.* By S. Herbert Scott, D.Phil. Pp. 404. Price, 15s. n. *Two Hundred Evening-Sermon Notes.* By Rev. F. H. Drinkwater. Pp. 275. Price, 6s. n.
- TALBOT AND CO.,** London.
Songs of the South. By M. Michael. Pp. 65. Price, 2s. 6d.
- WILLIAM HODGE,** Edinburgh.
The Trial of King Charles the First. Edited by J. G. Mudiman, M.A. Pp. xviii. 282. Price, 10s. 6d. n.

